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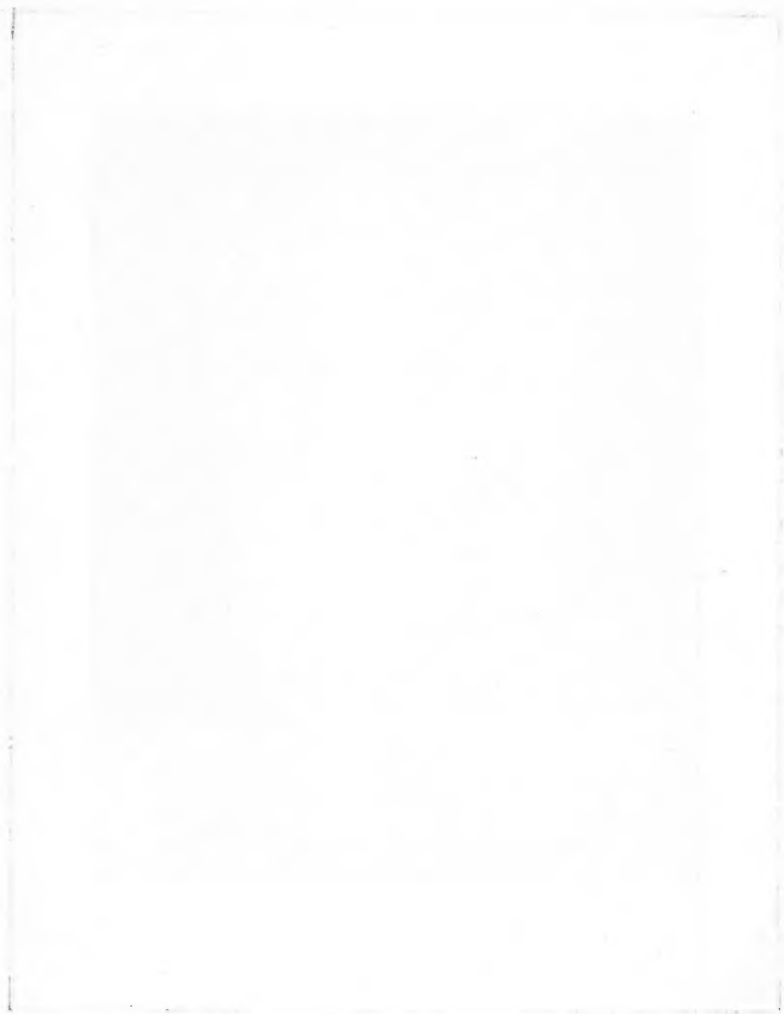


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Editorial Notes

THIS ISSUE

THE EDITORS apologise to subscribers and friends of *Caribbean Quarterly* for the late appearance of this, the first Issue of Volume VI. Management changes, and the unexpected publishing delays that beset magazines from time to time, have led to this delay. However, the next three issues will be published shortly and in the hands of our readers early in 1960.

This issue features vignettes from Caribbean History. D. A. G. Waddell's "Queen Anne's Government and the Slave Trade" takes us to the seventeenth century and studies the trade from aspects of industry and economy rather than with the emotional emphasis usually dominating this theme. Joseph Alfred Borome touches the "neglected period", and tells of the role played by the Caribbean emigrant in the development of the various islands. His vignette is framed around George Charles Falconer. Other snapshots from history take us first to Venezuela with William M. Armstrong's story of "British Representation in Venezuela in 1826", then to the Bahamas in 1882, in an unusual travel diary edited by Samuel Proctor, and lastly to the French Republic of Haiti for an account of a Royal Birthday in 1816, by Jean Comhaire. Part III of M. G. Smith's "Dark Puritan" is continued in this issue, and we close it, most appropriately we feel, with Lou Lichtveld's enlightening article on "Cultural Relations within the Caribbean".

As a special Christmas note this year, we have re-produced on p.5 a line drawing by Karl Broodhagen, Art Master at Combermere College, Barbados, with a Xmas poem by Frank Collymore, also of Barbados. This poem is taken from his latest publication entitled "Collected Poems".

THE FONT

CARIBBEAN QUARTERLY is proud to present, as its cover picture, a photograph of the Font at the Chapel of the University College of the West Indies. The Font is made of coral limestone, taken from Chapel Plantation in St. Philips, Barbados. The carved pattern at the top shows the ackee and the breadfruit, the former in full and in section, the latter as the fruit surrounded by its broad leaves (See relief on page 61). It is the work of Karl Broodhagen, who was born in British Guiana in July, 1909, and went to Barbados with his family as a lad. He is a self taught artist and sculptor, saving a two year period in London from 1952 to 1954 on a British Council Scholarship which took him to Goldsmith's College, London.

THE CHAPEL

THE building of the Chapel began in April, 1956 and the first services were held in it on 21st June, on the last Sunday of the Trinity Term, 1959. The architects were Messrs. Norman & Dawbarn of London who designed the other buildings of the College; construction was done by a local firm, A. D. Scott Ltd. The pulpit, pews and panelling were the work of G. S. M. Lister of Gordon Town Road; they are made of mahogany from British Guiana.

The major part of the cost of construction was met by a gift from a Canadian who wishes to remain anonymous. The gift was made personally to H.R.H Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and Chancellor of the University College, whose late husband, the Earl of Athlone, was once Governor-General of Canada.

The main walls are those of an eighteenth-century sugar works building which was given to the College by its owner, Mrs. C. M. Kelly-Lawson. The building was pulled down and the stones transported to the College from the original site in Gayle's Valley, Trelawny, over a hundred miles away. They were then re-erected to form the outside walls of the Chapel.

On the north side the name of the owner of the sugar works can be seen running the whole length of the wall just below the coping, "Edward Morant Gayle Esquire" followed by the date "1799".

The coffered ceiling displays the Arms of the Chancellor, the Arms of the Earl of Athlone who was Chancellor of the University of London (the "parent" University of the College), the Arms of the College itself and the Arms and Ancient Seals of all the territories of the British Caribbean which make annual contributions to meet the expenses of the College.

The windows and the fittings are meant to be in keeping with the Georgian character of the original structure and at the same time in harmony with the simplicity and economy of the other College buildings.

The East Window, the gift of the Chancellor, was designed and constructed by the Whitefriars Stained Glass Studios of London. The central figure in the window is the Risen Christ Glorified. The Saints Thomas and Andrew in the left-hand light, the Saints Catherine and James on the right, as well as St. Elizabeth and St. Ann in the centre, were chosen because these are the names of parishes in many islands in the Caribbean. St. Mona was suggested by the old sugar estate, Mona, a part of which is included in the College lands.

The carved wooden lectern takes the form of a pelican, the bird that is most common to the territories of the British Caribbean (and which appears in

the crest of the College). It is the work of Alvin T. Marriott of Jamaica who is also responsible for the carving in relief of the medallions in the ceiling; these were painted by Leslie's Art Service of Kingston.

The main floor is of terrazzo laid in a simple pattern of large squares of dark grey and white with dividing strips of polished brass. The floor of the gallery is of greenheart from British Guiana.

There is seating for 290 in the main body of the Chapel and for an additional 170 in the gallery.

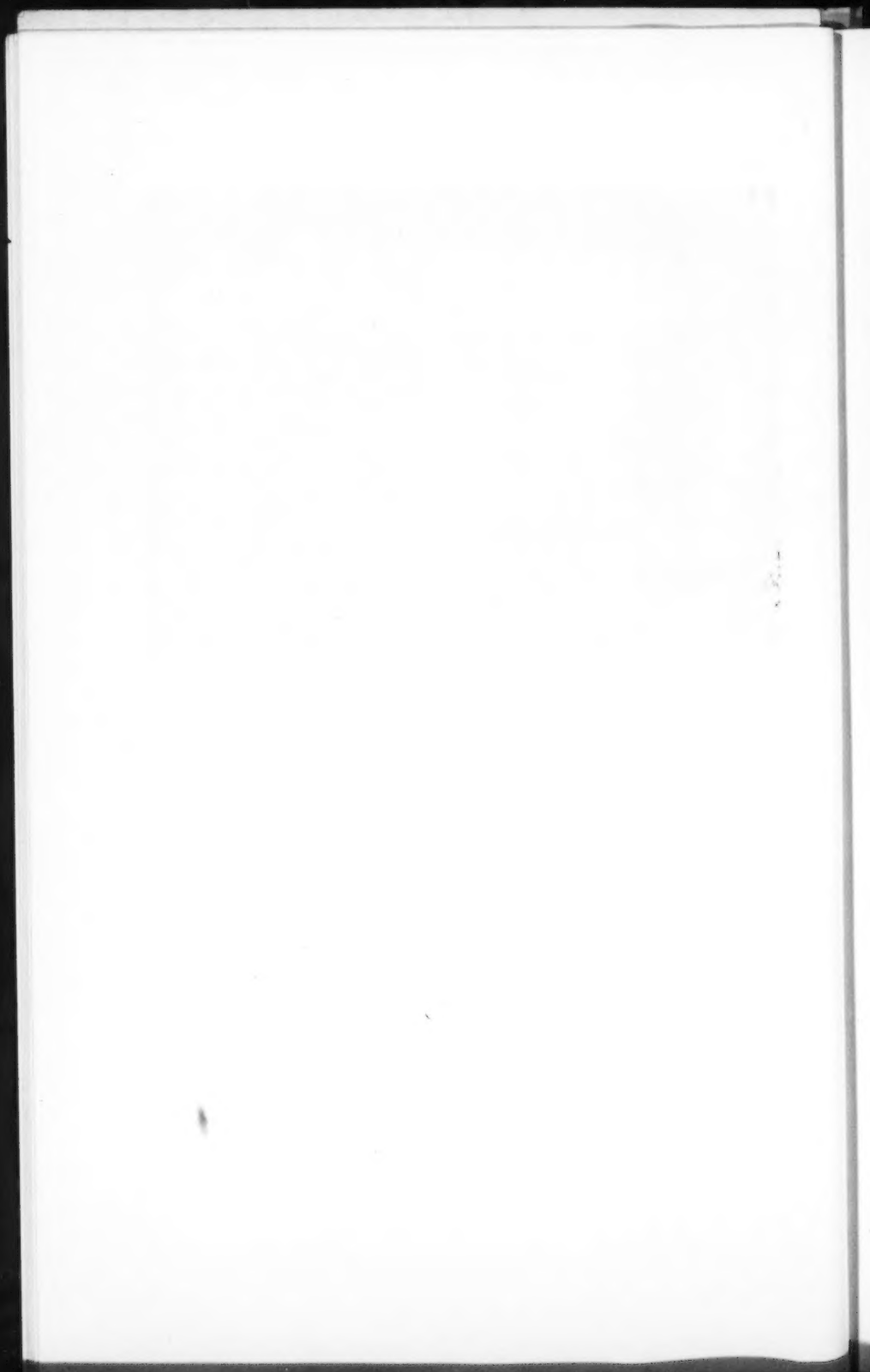
The Chapel is non-denominational. College services are held every Sunday and, in addition, separate Communion services are held regularly by chaplains assigned to the College by various denominations. The choir is a voluntary body of students.

The present lighting fixtures are not for permanent use. The traditional position in the West gallery is reserved for the organ which will be installed as soon as funds become available. The West Door is to be graced by a portico which should enhance the nobility of the solid stone structure and complete the main entrance facing the Queen's Way.

(Notes on the Chapel by Cidric Lindo, Public Relations Officer, U.C.W.I.).



Font relief depicting ackee and breadfruit



Christmas Card



DECEMBER

In far off lands
The cold winds prick and blow
And the gaunt trees take on
Their canopy of snow;
But here the sun burns,
And upon the green lane
Poinsettia spills her rich bright blood
Again.

December.
Impossible to think
Of cold winds and ice and snow
But for the frozen foam
Of the coralita hanging low
Along the wayside trellises,
Frail as frost; but springing
From warm earth while Christmas bells
Are ringing.



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Queen Anne's Government and the Slave Trade

D. A. G. WADDELL

BEFORE the Revolution of 1688 the Royal African Company held the monopoly of English trade with Africa. The most important part of its business was the delivery of slaves to the West Indian islands and the southern colonies of the American mainland. Its trading was fairly successful, and though there were occasional complaints, especially from Jamaica, that the numbers of slaves delivered were insufficient, the prices it charged for its slaves in the colonies were reasonable. But its financial position was never sound. It had to sink a large amount of its capital in forts on the African coast to protect its trade both from the warlike natives and from the rivalry of the French and Dutch. More capital was tied up in credits to the planters, who were seldom able to pay for their slaves in cash. Thus from an early stage the Company had to borrow money to acquire stock with which to trade.

After 1688 the Company ran into two main difficulties which it lacked the resources to surmount. England went to war with France, and it suffered losses in ships from enemy privateers. The volume of its trade dropped off, but its overhead costs remained as high as ever. Secondly, the supremacy of Parliament established by the Glorious Revolution led to a questioning of its charter of monopoly which had been granted by the Crown but not confirmed by Parliament.

Traders who were not in the Company seized their chance and fitted out interloping ships which violated the monopoly. As they did not incur the cost of maintaining forts, they were able to deliver slaves to the colonies in greater numbers and at lower rates than the Company. The Company itself felt unable to stop the interlopers without Parliamentary sanction, and unable to put its finances in order while its monopoly was being openly violated. In 1697 it therefore petitioned Parliament for confirmation of its charter. For the previous ten years, however, its deliveries of slaves had been very small, and the planters feared that if the interlopers, on whom they had mainly relied during the war years, were excluded they might be starved of slaves. Many of the colonies thus petitioned Parliament that the trade should be open to all and the monopoly abolished. In July, 1698 Parliament passed an act, which was to be in force for thirteen years, laying the trade open to all English subjects. But the necessity of the forts in Africa, and the Company's rights to them, were recognised, and it was further enacted that the traders must pay 10 per cent. of the value of their cargoes to the Company to assist them in the upkeep of their forts.

The 10 per cent. system did not prove satisfactory. Although the Company received a contribution towards its expenses, this advantage was more than

outweighed by the fact that the position of the interlopers had been legalised. The Company had hoped that the capital it so badly needed would flow in when its monopoly was confirmed. But the monopoly was not confirmed, and in the face of the competition of the separate traders the Company's prospects of profits were insufficient to set its finances in order.

Nor were the separate traders happy. The 10 per cent. levy reduced their profit margin, and they were not convinced of the usefulness of the forts in Africa for the protection of their trading. The planters on the other hand were equivocal. While the competition between the Company and the traders on the African coast raised the price of slaves the numbers delivered were far more satisfactory; and while the separate traders sold where there was most immediate profit—at that time Jamaica and the southern states of the American mainland—the Company tended to preserve its old contacts and made the bulk of its deliveries to Barbados and the smaller islands.

By 1707 the Company could not withstand the competition any longer, and petitioned the Queen for the restoration of its monopoly. It maintained that the proceeds of the 10 per cent. imposition were insufficient to maintain the forts; that the competition had forced up the price of slaves, and therefore the cost of production of colonial commodities, which were now finding it difficult to compete in European markets; and that the Dutch and the French were taking advantage of the confusion to try to wreck the English interest in Africa.

The Queen referred the petition to the Board of Trade, who called on the Company to substantiate its complaints and on the separate traders for their comments. The latter group naturally opposed the Company's plea for the restoration of its joint-stock monopoly, and proposed that the trade should be organised under a "regulated" company. All traders to Africa were to have to join this company, which would, out of contributions from the members, maintain common arrangements for warehousing and defence; but each member would trade separately on his own capital.

The Board of Trade inquired into the existing Company's volume of trade and deliveries of slaves, and found that since 1698 it had made a very poor showing compared with the separate traders. The Board therefore reported early in 1708 that the trade could not be carried on to its fullest extent under a joint-stock monopoly, and that the 10 per cent. system was unsatisfactory. It went on to recommend that the separate traders' proposal of a "regulated" company should be adopted, provided that such an organisation could maintain the forts on the African coast, if these were considered essential. In the face of this adverse report the Company then petitioned the House of Commons. Several petitions in favour of open trade were presented, but nothing was decided before Parliament was dissolved in April, 1708.

In the new Parliament the Company opened proceedings with a petition to the Commons in January, 1709, and the Commons requested a further report from the Board of Trade. This body had not been idle in the interval, but had sent out a circular letter to the Governors of the various colonies asking for an account of slaves imported by the Company and the separate

traders since 1698. The replies vindicated the conclusions of the report of the previous year, and the Board once again was decisively against joint-stock organisation, though this time it refrained from committing itself on the advisability of a "regulated" company.

Petitions poured into Parliament on both sides. Bristol, Liverpool, and a number of Scottish ports were very much opposed to a monopoly, which they felt would confine the trade to London. The colonies and the export workers were equivocal; the petitions of the latter give the impression that no matter what was decided—open trade or monopoly—hundreds of English families would be thrown out of work. These however may not all have been genuine for it is known that the Company met the expenses of at least one of its supporting petitioners.

The Company was fortunate too in securing the services of Charles Davenant, a skilful economic and political pamphleteer, and while the matter was before Parliament he published his *Reflections upon the Constitution and Management of the Trade to Africa*. Davenant's argument was that the African trade was in the nature of a public utility, its main purpose being to supply the colonies with labour. The regular performance of this function was too vital to England's balance of trade for it to be safe to leave it to the workings of the profit motive. But even if it were admitted that normal demand and supply *could* achieve an adequate slave delivery, the primitive political organisation of the African natives, and the presence of European rivals (in particular the Dutch) made the maintenance of forts in Africa essential to effect the main purpose. These would certainly not be kept up by contributions varying with the vicissitudes of trading for pure profit. The only known form of trading organisation capable of maintaining forts and preserving a steady volume of trade was the joint-stock company. Such a company was already in existence, and in possession of forts; but it could not attract necessary capital unless it enjoyed a monopoly. Therefore let it have its privileges restored.

Despite this powerful plea, in the purely economic sense the Company's case was not strong. The small-scale unit of trade had vindicated itself in the years of open trade from 1698. Whether the Company with a fresh start and new capital could have succeeded must be a matter of doubt. Luck played a considerable part in the trade. Individuals might either succeed or fail. Those who failed bore their own losses and the trade in general did not suffer. But a monopolistic company had to accept all the risks and absorb all the losses from foreign rivalry, the appalling mortality among the human cargo on the "middle passage", and bad debt in the colonies.

It is not therefore surprising that the Commons resolved in March, 1709 that the trade to Africa was advantageous to Great Britain and necessary to her plantations, and that it should be free to all subjects, under "regulated" company organisation to provide for the maintenance of such forts as were necessary for its preservation. A bill was brought in to this effect, but did not make much progress before the end of the session. The struggle was continued in the Parliamentary sessions of 1710, 1711 and 1712. But the Company was

still unable to get any rearrangement of its trading rights effected before the act of 1698 expired in 1713, and with it the 10 per cent. duty. Freed of this burden the separate traders seem to have succeeded in expanding the trade very well, but the Company was left to maintain the forts on its own resources. The Company enjoyed a momentary burst of comparative solvency when it sold slaves to the South Sea Company which had won the Assiento privilege of supplying the Spanish American colonies with slaves. But by 1729 it had to request Government assistance for the maintenance of forts, and £10,000 was voted from public funds and continued annually. In 1750 the Royal African Company was dissolved and a "regulated" company set up which took over the forts. These were later in Government hands (from 1764 to 1783), but they finally returned to the "regulated" company. So although the profit motive delivered the slaves for most of the eighteenth century, no organisation other than a joint-stock was found to be able to keep up forts without Government subsidy.

The controversy clearly shows how much the slave trade was regarded as essential to England's economic well-being, and how much was expected of the Government in arranging the organisation of so vital a branch of the nation's commerce.

But it is interesting to note that when the separate trades proposed to the Commons that the Government should intervene directly and take over the forts, little notice was taken: and Davenant dismissed the idea of state ownership of the forts in these brief and unsatisfactory words: "Who should pay (for the forts) to the present company? Not the Government (I suppose) for many reasons that I will not pretend to give an account of."

There is no trace in the literature of the controversy of any humanitarian regard for the slaves as anything other than factors of production. This is not surprising. The attitude of the political and economic writers of the time to English industrial and agricultural workers was essentially the same, as E. S. Furniss has convincingly shown in his book *The Position of the Laborer in a System of Nationalism*. The Mercantilist state, like the totalitarian, had scant respect for human life, whether slave or free.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Some material on the history of the Royal African Company is printed in E. Donnan's *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Slave Trade to America*. The Parliamentary proceedings relating to the African trade have been extracted from the *Journals of the House of Commons* and conveniently reprinted in L. F. Stock's indexed and annotated edition *Proceedings and Debates in the British Parliaments respecting North America*. Some statistical information can be gleaned from the *Calendars of State Papers, Colonial Series* and from the Colonial Office records in the Public Record Office, London, where the records of the Royal African Company are also preserved. In connection with the last category of material, I wish to acknowledge the advice of Mr. K. G. Davies of New College, Oxford, to whom I am also indebted for his kindness in allowing me to read parts of his forthcoming history of the Company.

George Charles Falconer

JOSEPH ALFRED BOROME

MANY are the writers on British West Indian history who have concentrated their attention on its first two hundred years : on fierce pirates and buccaneers, colorful clashes between the armed forces of the great European colonial powers, and the *denouement* of slavery. Far smaller in number are the authors concerned exclusively with events of the century following emancipation of the slaves. Indeed, until fairly recently, one might almost have assumed, judging from the historical output, that the West Indies had slumbered for twice times fifty years—save for the interlude of Governor Eyre and Jamaica in 1865—until aroused rather suddenly by the question of Federation. But the appearance lately of a stout history of the Islands, which disappointingly telescoped the last half of the nineteenth century within a relatively few pages and then relegated present century happenings to a bare six pages of annals, may well stir productive efforts.

Among the fascinating topics of the "neglected period" that await narration is the rôle played by the Caribbean emigrant in the development of the various islands. And the history of Dominica offers at least one example of notable and influential labors of an individual who was not a "native son".

Few facts are obtainable about the early years of George Charles Falconer. Born in Barbados in 1819, he became apprentice first to a carpenter and then to a printer. As a "devil" he was brought into contact with the world of books and reading, and exploited opportunities for self-improvement. In 1839, seeking wider scope for his initiative, he sailed from overpopulated Barbados and arrived at Dominica.

The Colony was in a state of excitement. The colored people, who had exercised political privileges since 1832, had in 1838 attained a majority in the Assembly. But their every liberal measure was being checked by the Council, fast in the iron grip of the managers of the absentee planters and their allies: the leading attorneys, merchants, and traders. The powerful groups of the Council were determined to maintain the people of color and the newly enfranchised slaves in a subordinate position, and even thought to hold back the tide. Their views were reflected in the only newspaper of the day, the *Colonist*, under the editorship of Thomas Doyle.

Falconer took in the situation, and resolved to establish a newspaper. It would set forth the views of those opposed to the "halt and hold" party, and rally public opinion to the support of legislation promoting the public welfare. Employing all sorts of ruses to deceive those who would have thwarted his plans, Falconer imported a wooden press from Nevis. In October 1839, from a house in Long Lane (facing the store later owned by A. C. Potter) there came the first issue of the *Dominican*. A broadside of twelve columns, it carried the motto "*Deo, Regina, et Populo*". As proprietor and editor (Francis Coquille was the printer and publisher), Falconer

sought a middle path, but not for long. The very existence of the *Dominican*, let alone the political atmosphere of the day, brought an intense rivalry between the Island's two newspapers. Stronger and stronger worded editorials soon flowed from the pens of Falconer and Doyle, with Falconer not always coming off second best. His name was thus given wide currency. In February 1842 he was appointed Printer to the Dominica Legislature.

Since settling in Roseau, Falconer had found the leisure to occupy himself both as Mico Charity school teacher and a local Preacher in the Methodist faith. In March 1842 he accepted a position as the Mico Charity teacher on the Souffriere Estate, towards the south of Dominica. Hardly had he landed, however, than the attorney for the Estate, who had heretofore welcomed all Mico teachers, gave instant notice that the small house, used as a schoolroom, was no longer for rent. Embarrassed school officials, attributing this rebuff to color prejudice, immediately transferred Falconer to the Belfast Estate, North of Roseau. Here he devoted his weekdays to teaching and his Sabbaths to conducting religious meetings at a Methodist out-station near the Estate. When the Mico Charity school project ended in Dominica after 1842, Falconer re-settled himself as an editor in Roseau.

Publishing led him more and more into the company of politicians. Meanwhile he assiduously cultivated the arts of reading and oratory, and came to command respect in the community.² His entrance into the political arena was a foregone conclusion, and in December, 1845 he stood successfully for election to the Assembly.

Two developed political parties now existed in Dominica: one, of the old guard, seeking to curb the newer privileged representatives and aided by the *Colonist*; the other, bent on wringing concessions and crushing its adversaries with the help of the *Dominican*. To the liberal cause young Falconer rendered considerable service. He tried scrupulously to avoid vituperation in the columns of the *Dominican*.³ Nevertheless, whether within or outside of the House, he acted and wrote on the principle of "giving a Roland for an Oliver"—one of his favorite expressions. And he advocated measures on the wide ground of concern for the interests of all Dominicans. So shrewdly did he take his stand that the exasperated *Colonist* was often pushed to the point of publishing excessive statements and violent personal attacks on him.⁴ These attacks supplied him with unsolicited publicity, added greatly to his popularity, and made his newspaper appear quite temperate in tone. Indeed, in an official despatch of 1847, the Lieutenant Governor of Dominica stated that the editorials of the *Dominican* contained "the most reasonable and impartial account of matters connected with the Island".⁵ Falconer also became an Ensign of the Royal St. George's Militia (1848), a Marshal's bailiff (1848), and a Justice of the Peace (1850)—the latter appointment bringing him likewise the honor of a Judge of the Supreme Courts of Criminal Judicature (the Court of Queen's Bench and Grand Sessions of the Peace). But his conduct on the bench left something to be desired. On one occasion he was actually heard using the words "false" and "not true" while upbraiding his colleague the senior presiding judge.

In April, 1853 Lieutenant Governor S. W. Blackall, whose political and social thinking would scarcely be termed "advanced", issued a new Commission of the Peace from which Falconer's name was conspicuously absent. The editor's enemies chortled gleefully, believing that his sun had begun to set.

The new Commission bore the name of Joseph Fadelle, one of the first colored men elected to the Assembly in 1832 and the acknowledged leader of the liberal party. Confronted by Blackall with a choice of resigning his Assembly seat or his Commission, Fadelle, after momentary hesitation, withdrew from the House. To fill his stead, the liberals straightaway unanimously chose Falconer, who at last came into his own.

While long aware of his abilities, the conservatives were now astounded at his eloquence and political tactics. On the floor of the House he lashed them with scorn and sarcasm; in the "objective" editorials of the *Dominican* he flayed them anew. As party leader he whipped the liberal members into line, a task in which he was unfailingly aided by personal ties.⁶ In the 1854 Assembly sat his brother-in-law (J. B. Fraser), three of his uncles-in-law (from the Bellot family), a half-brother (C. Herbert), and Thomas Trail, nephew of one of Falconer's sisters and an assistant editor of the *Dominican*. Also amenable to Falconer's desires were John Hopkins Fillan and William Johnstone.⁷ As measure after measure passed the Legislature, Falconer's opponents poured their wrath upon "the Family Party", "the Methodist Clique", "the Mulatto Ascendancy", "the Destructives"; and vain attempts were made to stigmatize Falconer as a "socialist" (a dread adjective even today). Of course the Island was pictured as groaning under the weight of heavy taxation, in addition to that of class legislation. By way of reply Falconer, in summarizing the legislative accomplishments of a typical year, 1858, catalogued a new poor law, an asylum for lunatics, a permanent grant to the Infirmary, an increased police force, the completion of a Government House, and the repairing of the Custom House.

By 1862 people were slightly tired of Falconer, and a reaction set in against all those who had been in power for years. Orators, moreover, rang the changes on onerous taxation, and informed the blacks that the colored people looked down upon them. In the June elections Falconer was roundly defeated. Two months later Thomas Doyle of *Colonist* fame became Speaker of the House, and in September Falconer's long-held printing contract with the Legislature was abolished. Fortune, however, smiled again on Falconer.

Rumor soon had it that a bill was in the offing which would sweep away the time-honored two house system (Council and Assembly), and substitute a single chamber, whose members would be partly nominated by Government and partly elected by the people. Falconer hastened to warn his countrymen of their danger in print and on the stump. When, therefore, upon a technicality, the Lieutenant Governor was forced to dissolve the Assembly that had barely sat for six months, and elections were held in January, 1863, Falconer was triumphantly returned to his seat for Roseau. At the same time, by a ruling of the Attorney General, his contract as Legislative Printer was restored.

The next month the Single Chamber Bill was introduced into the Assembly. On the very first day of the session Falconer thundered, "My mission is to crush this House, and it shall be crushed". He proceeded to fight the Bill tooth and nail at every step of the way. No matter the length of his discourses his vocabulary seemed limitless and his effective voice unexhaustible. In the charged climate words engendered passion, and tempers were openly displayed.

In March Falconer presented a petition against the Bill from the freeholders of St. David's Parish, which he himself had signed as a petitioner. This was deemed a highly questionable procedure, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter. Once its report had been made Falconer denounced it as a Star Chamber committee, "a hole and corner thing". Called upon for an explanation, he said that his words meant what they meant. When asked also to answer the charge that he had added a signature to the petition without a certain petitioner's knowledge, he replied, "All that I have to say is, that I have nothing to say". A movement for his expulsion from the Assembly got quickly under way, but was eventually side-tracked.

On 28th May, Falconer came to his feet to answer criticism of himself made by Charles Leatham. Thomas Doyle, the Speaker, informed him he was out of order. Falconer replied testily that it was Leatham who should have been ruled out of order. In sharp verbal exchanges that followed, Falconer declared that Doyle was a disgrace to his chair, and accused him, among other deeds, of having robbed Colony lumber for private purposes. These words were written into the record, and the Assembly demanded that Falconer apologize. He refused, and was found in contempt. On the advice of the Attorney General, Doyle ordered Falconer committed to prison at the pleasure of the Assembly. The Sergeant-at-Arms was instructed to proceed to his duty. Falconer's supporters, who were in large number outside the bar of the House, began a loud disturbance. Falconer seated himself. He took from beneath his table a hat, which he placed on top of the table, and a large hunting whip which he laid across his knees. As the Sergeant advanced toward him saying, "You are my prisoner", Falconer warned, "You touch me at your peril". All of a sudden John Palmer, the Treasurer, ran over and, collaring Falconer, attempted to seize the whip. Falconer sprang from his chair, and a sharp struggle began. Falconer was slight of stature but extremely agile. When the Sergeant grabbed him Falconer, turning quickly from Palmer but still holding the whip, shot out his left hand and gave Sergeant Johnson a "chuck" that sent him reeling. With a deplorable loss of dignity, Johnson staggered back against the bar of the House and fell to the floor.

Animated *patois* expressions and the most "fearful" noises now broke forth from Falconer's followers. Confusion and hub-bub reigned everywhere. While their idol continued his scuffle with Palmer, the Speaker sent for police aid and sounded his gavel for order as best he could. Advancing again on Falconer, the Sergeant was again repulsed; but grasping Falconer's left hand, he bit the thumb to the bone. The butt end of the whip, for which Palmer and Falconer were wrestling, struck Johnson in the mouth, and the poor fellow let the thumb go. Falconer succeeded in freeing the whip. His outstretched hand was about to bring it down on Palmer, when J. F. Dupigny rushed up and caught his arm. Then, quite coolly, Falconer walked to the bar. He announced he would go to jail, but no one must lay a hand on his person; and he begged the people in the room to behave in a quiet manner. The police had hurried in. Whereupon the Sergeant shouldered the Mace, and Falconer fell in behind him. Escorted by two friends, and the Inspector of Police and a party of his men, Falconer walked to the prison. In the street he dissuaded a number of townspeople who wished to "rescue" him, and a silent multitude followed him to the doors of the jail.

But Falconer was not downed. He at once applied to the Chief Justice for a writ of Habeas Corpus. Chief Justice Sholto Pemberton—whom, it is said, wrote anonymous articles critical of Government for the *Dominican*—granted the writ, without consulting the Assembly. After his release (his stay in jail totalled about two days) Falconer not only calmly entered the Assembly and took his seat, to the chagrin and dismay of the members. He brought action against Palmer for assault, and against Doyle and those Assembly members who had ordered his committal, for false arrest. The defendants, to their sorrow, had to pay damages and costs.⁸

Life thereafter was not all clear sailing for Falconer. Following the Assembly incident, he was removed by Lieutenant Governor J. Price from his unpaid positions as Poor Law Guardian and as Commissioner of House Tax—a petty action which Falconer never forgave. And by December, 1863 the Single Chamber Bill passed the Legislature.⁹

The Single Chamber system did not, however, satisfy certain Dominica interests, and in 1865 a Bill to abolish the electoral franchise and establish a crown colony was introduced. Horrified at what he regarded as an extinction of liberties and breathing fire against its proponents, Falconer employed all his talents to prevent its passage. Unable to kill it parliamentarily, he battled until he effected a compromise, whereby only one half of the members of the new Legislative Council were to be government appointed. The actions of the mobs who favored his views gave him a questionable support. Their hissing and shouting down of his adversaries in the House failed to overawe the legislators, as did a rock hurled through a window that fell on the large table in their midst. Such doings merely alienated fence-sitters, convinced conservatives of the wisdom of crown colony government, and resulted in several dramatic scenes which led to summonings of the police and even of a party of marines from a warship. The Bill passed 26th April, a day, Falconer lamented, that should be ever marked for mourning.

The following month, despite seizures of ill-health that had increased noticeably in the previous three years, Falconer sailed for England, there to have an interview with the Secretary for the Colonies, and to present a signed petition to Her Majesty for suspension of the act. On 21st August the beating of drums in the Roseau Market Place announced that the new act was in effect. Falconer's voyage, however, proved a restorative to his health, and he returned to Dominica in October newly supplied with vigor.

At this period of his life Falconer, who was "by far the most influential man in the Island and in the Assembly"—as Administrator H. E. Bulwer put it, became a restraining influence on intemperate opposition to Government. Such a change in his approach to politics might be attributed to years of experience, a broader breadth of view induced by travel, and the mellowing influence of age. Certainly, until the unfortunate explosions of 1863-1865, Falconer had, during all his years in the Legislature, rather faithfully though not blindly supported Government. After his visit to England, however, he apparently came to cherish secret hopes of a government appointment, although no intimation or promise had come his way.

In 1868 the Legislature seemed to be nearing an impasse, due to the irreconcilable positions taken by elected and nominated members. It was feared, were nothing soon done, that Falconer might abandon his moderate course and lead the

electives into uncompromising opposition to Government. Death removed an office holder and Administrator Bulwer, a man of liberal leanings, nominated Falconer as Colonial Registrar. The salary, modest enough, was welcomed by Falconer who, though a good businessman, had remained relatively poor (the usual lot of newspaper editors in the West Indies).¹⁰ Incompatibility of duties, official and journalistic, moved him to resign from active participation in the fourth estate. On 10th February, 1869 he wrote in his farewell editorial:—

“We take our leave then of the public and the newspaper, firmly persuaded that its principles will remain unchanged as they were unchangeable, and that the *Dominican* will continue to carry out the motto which concluded its introductory article, by seeking to obtain the “greatest possible good for the greatest number.”

He continued as proprietor of the Island's only newspaper.¹¹

The following year saw Falconer caught up in a political swirl. In September the Legislative Assembly passed resolutions in favor of the federation of the Leeward Islands—to include Dominica. It was a thorny question, feelings had been much aroused, and a split had opened among the electives. Falconer, who had not always gone down the line with Government as Colonial Registrar, was one of two elected members who voted for the union. Five other electives, including Alexander Charles Potter, voted against passage of the resolutions.

In November the House was dissolved, and Falconer sought re-election for Roseau. But Potter stoutly contested the seat on the score that a government official could not conscientiously represent the people.¹² Ideas in the minds of many were more directly expressed, in later days, by Sholto Rawlins Pemberton, who accused Falconer of having “sold his country for a berth under Government”. Falconer went down at the polls before his opponent. With emotions that may well be imagined, he took leave of the seat he had held for twenty-five years.

Never of robust health, he confined himself largely to his duties as Colonial Registrar, and as Commissioner of Education, of General Taxes and of House Tax.¹³ His somewhat restricted sphere did not cause an eclipse of his general popularity; nor did it bridle his tongue. Charles A. Fillan complained in 1871 that, “one would think that Mr. Falconer's bitter experience of the fruits of abuse and the use of coarse expressions had taught him in his maturer years a useful lesson, but we have been deceived”. Falconer remained a pillar of the Methodist Church and a member of several societies, among them the Auxiliary British and Foreign Bible Society.

But one short year of life was left to him. A trip away from Dominica failed to ease a severe liver complaint. Some two months after his return to the Island, worn by prolonged suffering, he breathed his last.

Thus passed a notable editor of Dominica and the West Indies; a passionate defender of freedom of speech and press, inspired by the ideals of education and enlightenment; a fighting and liberal legislator who was a faithful servant to the people he represented; a self-made man who disdained to discriminate among people because of their class or color; an opponent of cant and hypocrisy; a Christian gentleman. By no means without failings, he did not excuse his foibles with soft smiles and weasel words.

Although his name still stirs vague memories, Falconer's labors are well-nigh forgotten in Dominica, where there is not as yet so much as a lane named in his honor. There is, happily, a lasting reminder of his existence: a modest stained-glass window in the gallery of the Wesleyan Chapel in Roseau. It was unveiled in 1912 by Mary Falconer.¹⁴ As the northern light filters through the soft-colored glass, one may read a simple and fitting inscription, "In loving memory of George Charles Falconer who died March 29, 1872. Age, 53. Not lost but gone before."

¹The first "colored" paper of Dominica started and failed in 1837. It was entitled either the *Dominican Standard* or the *Dominican Observer*. No copy is known to exist.

²In 1844 he was chosen a member of the jury to try those who had rioted against the census-taking, a much publicized affair in the Caribbean and in England.

³He had had to pay £300 because of a libel suit in the early days of the paper.

⁴In 1846 the Court of Common Pleas awarded him £65 for libel at the hands of Thomas Doyle of the *Colonist*.

⁵In the same year (1847) Adrian Fadelle, Justice of the Peace, was given a copy of the *Dominican* that characterized his conduct as "unwise, injudicious, and suspicious". Arming himself with a stout "cowskin", Fadelle descended upon Falconer in Hanover Street and demanded an explanation. When Falconer refused one, Fadelle administered several well-aimed blows with unvarying rhythm:

"whack, whack, whack, *unwise*"

"whack, whack, whack, *injudicious*"

"whack, whack, whack, *suspicious*"

The cost to Fadelle was £4; the cost of Falconer a few sore ribs and much notoriety.

⁶Following the death of his wife Marget Caffyn in 1849, he had married Mary Elizabeth Fraser, sister of John Bellot Fraser.

⁷There were nineteen members in the Assembly.

⁸Appeals to the local court failed, as did one to the Privy Council in England, which decided that the Speaker had only the right to exclude Falconer by force, and that the Assembly of Dominica did not have the power of punishing a contempt, though committed in its presence. For years governors and lieutenant governors tried to persuade the Dominica Legislature to vote a sum to pay the defendants' damages. These efforts were finally successful in 1880, due to the work of Governor Berkeley. The echoes of *Falconer v. Palmer* and *Falconer v. Doyle et al.* were long heard.

⁹The new Assembly was inaugurated 25 October 1864.

¹⁰As early as 1843 he had imported an iron press from England to replace the original wooden one of 1839.

¹¹In 1868 the *Colonist* had passed from the scene. In July 1871 J. C. Fillan started the *New Dominican* (an unfortunate title). It seemingly had little prestige and folded up by March 1873 for want of support. The *Dominican* continued publication until 1907.

¹²At the time Potter sat for the parishes of St. Paul, St. Joseph, and St. Peter.

¹³His interest in promoting education was well known, and had led Blackall to name him Provisional Inspector of Schools and Secretary of the Commissioners of Education in 1857. Among the projects he supported was one for the establishment of a public library, as an adjunct to the educational system. It was not realized until the twentieth century under Administrator Hesketh Bell.

¹⁴Mrs. Falconer died 18 February 1917.

British Representation In Venezuela In 1826

WILLIAM M. ARMSTRONG

IN the ranks of that small army of British representatives who opened up South America to commercial penetration after the Wars of Independence, there is one who stands out from all the rest, Sir Robert Ker Porter. A man of the most varied talents, five times knighted, a successful artist, author, and world traveller, Porter remained in South America fifteen years, ultimately becoming the first British diplomatic representative to Venezuela when that country severed its connections with the Colombian Union. He died in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1842.¹

On October 16, 1825, Porter was appointed British consul to La Guaira and Caracas, port and chief city respectively, of Venezuela, then a part of the Colombian Union. Gran Colombia, which had been projected in 1819 by Simón Bolívar, had become a reality in 1822 when the last of the Spaniards were driven from northern South America. It was the first of the revolutionary South American states to win British recognition. Porter, whose nomination as consul preceded by three weeks the actual ratification of a commercial treaty with the fledgling state (November 7, 1825), was thus one of the first British representatives to go to Latin America after the Wars of Independence.

When Porter went to South America late in 1825, the boundaries of Gran Colombia embraced the present-day republics of Colombia (then Cundinamarca), Ecuador (then Upper Peru), Venezuela and Panamá. Including Porter, there were seven British representatives in the area. Colonel Patrick Campbell was chargé d'affaires at Bogotá. James Henderson, who had represented Great Britain unofficially since 1818, was consul-general in the same city. Colonel Gregor MacGregor, a former British legionnaire, was consul at Panamá City. Consul Wood was at Guayaquil, in Upper Peru, until his death in August, 1826, when Charles Wooton succeeded him temporarily. There were also consuls at Maracaibo and Cartagena.²

European representation other than British was at first conspicuously lacking. When Porter arrived at La Guaira the only other foreign representative in that city was United States Consul John G. A. Williamson. Soon thereafter, an officer in the Dutch navy named von Radders was accredited as Dutch consul. In 1826 G. B. Sprotts, a merchant, was commissioned agent of Bavaria. The following year merchant George Gramlich was named consul-general representing the city of Bremen. Elsewhere in Venezuela foreign representation was slight or nonexistent. (By 1828 United States Consul Litchfield at Puerto Cabello was, except for agents at Maracaibo on the eastern shore, the only foreign representative outside La Guaira and Caracas in the area embraced by the old captaincy-general of Venezuela.)³

Although commercial agents of the other foreign powers usually lived in La Guaira, shortly after his arrival Porter forsook that oppressively hot port for the more salubrious mountain air of Caracas. Periodically, however, he rode to La Guaira to perform funerals, baptisms or marriages, and to visit the customhouse. Noting the absence of British consular representation in other towns on the coast of Venezuela, he took immediate steps to have his authority extended to them until his government could arrange for regular representation. He bent a sympathetic ear to the troubles of the British merchants of Caracas and La Guaira. Every request, no matter how trivial, received his personal attention and was passed on to the government concerned.⁴

Always cautious lest he overstep his authority, Porter continued to press for British representation at other towns in the region. His salary was initially fixed at one thousand pounds but was soon raised to fifteen hundred, a fact which excited no little envy among his colleagues in the consular corps. Some, like the American Williamson who was bitterly jealous of Porter, were forced to depend on fees for their sole income⁵. But they failed to take into account the fact that, unlike most of them, the British Consul was forbidden by his government to engage in private business. He scrupulously adhered to that rule.⁶

Porter's functions as consul were intended to be "purely commercial".⁷ But onrushing events now suddenly catapulted Bolívar's native state into the arena of British policy. With recognition of her independence from Spain finally achieved, Gran Colombia's ship-of-state had embarked uncertainly upon her republican course. Beginning in 1826 the union was convulsed with internal disorder. In New Granada there were unsuccessful revolts against the authority of Bolívar. In Venezuela General Páez, supreme military chieftain of that country, led a revolt in 1826 that aimed at secession from Gran Colombia.

Within a few months of 1826 the disturbances in Venezuela had brought her to the point of anarchy. There being no British diplomatic representative present, Porter found himself obliged to "assume a little diplomacy", as he somewhat apologetically explained to Foreign Secretary George Canning. He remained calm, gathering information and making representations with the local authorities for the protection of British life and property.⁸ Canning congratulated him, August 17, 1826, on the "judicious reserve" he had displayed and instructed him to :

continue to preserve the same line of conduct, not interfering in the political proceedings of the adverse parties, but reporting the passing events for the information of His Majesty's Government, and watching carefully over every matter which may affect the commercial interest of Great Britain in Venezuela.⁹

The inhabitants meanwhile prayed for Bolívar to come and bring peace. The Liberator President arrived in Caracas early in January, 1827, and calm was restored. But by this time Venezuela, under the domination of General Páez and his advisers, had severed practically all its ties with Bogotá. After making some futile gestures toward restoring confidence in the Union, Bolívar abandoned his native state.

Historians believe that British influence in northern South America in this period manifested itself in an ill-defined scheme to install Bolívar as monarch over a large part of the continent—under British auspices and control. The evidence on which this belief rests is considerable, though by no means conclusive. Bolívar is known to have preferred the British political system and to have desired British support in removing the last remnants of Spanish authority from the New World. There is strong evidence that he contemplated such a monarchy with himself at its head.¹⁰ Yet Canning, it is known, was not a chronic meddler. Moreover, he knew fully the hazards of such an operation in the face of the envy of France and the opposition of the United States, not to mention the objections of the local populace.

That Canning did in fact toy with some such scheme seems established; that he dropped it when its dangers became apparent is equally well established. Actually, as the Porter-Canning correspondence shows, it made little difference to Canning whether Gran Colombia remained a republic or became a monarchy, or whether it remained a political union or split up, so long as British commercial rights were protected and the claims of the British bondholders were paid.¹¹

In January, 1827, Porter held a series of conferences with Bolívar. The reports of them which he transmitted to the Foreign Office shed some light on the above-mentioned question. His report of the first interview follows :

(To Canning)¹²

City of Caracas January 15th 1827

Sir,

It is with much gratification that I announce the arrival in Caracas of the President Bolívar, accompanied by the Superior Chief [*sic*] of Venezuela Genl. Páez.

The Liberator made his entry into his native city on the tenth instant, amidst the most enthusiastic acclamations of the whole population . . .¹³

I waited on His Excellency the following morning, and was most kindly and cordially received—He expressed himself in the highest terms of gratitude to England for her unshaken freindship [*sic*] at all times toward Colombia, adding, "he would rather face the result of ten commotions like that so recent in Venezuela, than experience a second time, those feelings, which the pecuniary relations, as they now stand between the two countries, have given rise to in his breast."¹⁴ The president touched in no way further on the present state of things, than by saying, that he trusted with moderation and patience he should be enabled to reestablish confidence both at home and abroad—on taking leave of him, he expressed a wish, in a few days to have some conversation with me on public affairs—a report of which, I shall not fail to make known to you.

The greatest freindship appears to exist between the President and General Páez, and as the latter resides in the same house with His Excellency, he [Páez] will not become so easily surrounded by those persons whose counsels had of late driven him to issue such unpopular and repugnant decrees,

Indeed, ever since his quitting Caracas, and the establishment of martial law, the peace and tranquility of the city became totally destroyed.—On several occasions I was compelled to interfere, in order to prevent the houses of the British subjects from being violated, and their horses, mules, and other property taken forcibly away by the lawless soldiery; which had been already the case with regard to those foreigners of other nations unprotected by treaty.

I have the honour to be

Sir,

With the highest respect

Your most obedient Humble sert.

Robert Ker Porter

In his next conversation with Porter, January 22, 1827, Bolívar discoursed at length on the need for authoritarian rule in Gran Colombia, arguing that the people were unprepared for liberty.¹⁵ He then turned to the real purpose of the interview. That part of the Porter dispatch follows :

. . . You cannot [Bolívar told me] but be aware of the ruinous state of our finances . . . I tell you frankly, we shall not be able to pay a single dollar towards the interest due on the existing debt between Great Britain and Colombia, unless Spain can be prevailed upon to acknowledge the Independence of the South American States, or will grant a temporary peace (unacknowledged) for a fixed period of years; by which the Republic would then be enabled safely to reduce her army.

. . . His Excellency [Bolívar] then urged me . . . to express how sincerely he felt grateful, (as did the whole nation,) for the unabating interest England had at all times taken in the prosperity and well being of Colombia; [and] at the same time, to endeavour to impress upon you, the deep sense of the additional obligation every [Colombian] will feel, should you further exert yourself by influencing the Spanish Cabinet to accede even to the latter point [a truce]. Were this accomplished, there was not a doubt, (he added,) but on the reformed system of finance, aided by the reduction of both the civil and military department; the Republic would soon find herself in a situation, to fulfill her pecuniary engagements with the utmost honor and fidelity.

The next and most significant of the meetings between Porter and General Bolívar took place on January 27, five days later. Porter's letter to Canning is self-explanatory :¹⁷

City of Caracas January 27th 1827

Sir,

On the arrival of the mail from England this morning, I sent General Bolívar a newspaper containing His Majesty's message to the House of Commons, relative to the military preparations making in aid of Portugal against Spain.¹⁸ Soon after . . . [Bolívar] sent for me; when he said, that he would address you on this interesting event, which he could not but

regard as of the greatest importance to Colombia. He requested me at the same time to state to you, that in case hostilities between Great Britain and Spain were actually commenced, and were likely to determine England on extending her warlike efforts to the Spanish possession in these seas; that he would with the greatest promptitude and energy, furnish a force of from thirty to forty thousand men, and unite with her in wresting Cuba and Puerto-Rica from the hands of the Spaniards.—That in thus acting, he had no other wish, than that of seeing the inveterate enemies of Colombia expelled from this hemisphere, and England, master of their possessions.—But, should he find that Great Britain did not intend to extend her hostilities to these colonies; he would then take every advantage of Spain's embarrassment, in consequence of the war, and fit out without loss of time an expedition for the purpose of freeing the above named islands from their present yoke, and of extirpating entirely the last remains of that power, so long exercised in the New World by its ancient oppressors.—He likewise begged me to say, that the Republic had no wish, or ambition, to retain any colonies whatever, so far removed from her; either as possessions, or as separate states, dependent on Colombia; or, of establishing either Cuba, or Puerto-Rica (like Haytie) as independent nations—on the contrary, as he had before remarked, he would rather England should become possessed of them; to accomplish which he was willing to lend every assistance in his power, by furnishing troops; and would answer also, for the strenuous support of the whole of the Colombian people.

How far, under the present circumstances, an expedition, (solely formed by Colombia and Peru,) from its popularity, might call forth any extraordinary exertions both in money, and men, I know not [said Bolívar].—but if, in conjunction with England . . . then some pecuniary stipulations would be looked for, in order to cover those expenses the Republic consequently must incur; in which case, such sums might go towards liquidating the existing loan.

However premature this part of this dispatch may appear, I think it my duty to mention all that was said by the President on the subject . . .

I am,

Sir

With the highest respect

Your most obedient

Humble Servant

Robert Ker Porter

From here on the Porter correspondence is singularly unrevealing, although it is known that he saw General Bolívar on a number of occasions thereafter.¹⁹ Bolívar decorated him in March, 1827, and Porter reciprocated with an autographed copy of one of his travel works.²⁰ He may also, as several writers state, have painted the Liberator's portrait, but there is no direct evidence that this is so.²¹

On April 24, 1827, His Britannic Majesty's minister Alexander Cockburn arrived in Caracas. In the meantime Canning had succeeded to the Prime Ministership; Lord Dudley was now Foreign Secretary, though only a cipher in the post. With Cockburn's arrival, negotiations with Bolívar were taken out of Porter's hands. Cockburn was by no means a stranger to the general. One year previously he had been appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Colombia, replacing chargé d'affaires Patrick Campbell. But on his way to the post in May, 1826, he became involved with Bolívar's supposed schemes for monarchy and never reached Bogotá.²²

With Cockburn, the Liberator now took up in dead earnest the subject of the future of northern South America. Porter's final entry on Bolívar is his report of the joint departure of the general and Minister Cockburn from Caracas on the British frigate H.M.S. *Druid*, July 5, 1827.²³

²²There is no biography of Porter. See sketch in *Dictionary of National Biography* (London, 1896). He was a brother of Jane Porter, the popular novelist whose best work *The Scottish Chiefs* is widely believed to have prompted Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* novels.

²³British Foreign Office Correspondence, *Venezuela* (microfilm copy of correspondence in the Public Records Office, London, in the possession of the department of history, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana), 18/61, pp. 120, 260, 340; *ibid.*, 18/72, pp. 1, 134, 164, 172; *ibid.*, 18/78, p. 1; *ibid.*, 18/87, pp. 3, 103, 142, 271. Cited hereafter as F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

²⁴*Ibid.*, 18/61, p. 56.

²⁵In 1827 when a group of Scotch colonists became stranded in Venezuela without funds, Porter went to great personal lengths to provide for their comfort and to arrange passage for them to Canada. See F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*, 18/47, pp. 1, 114, 120, 129, 286.

²⁶Williamson's yearly fees averaged about 1,200 dollars. von Radders enjoyed a salary of 600 pounds. Sprots and Gramlich were on a straight fee basis. *Ibid.*, 18/61, p. 56.

²⁷F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*, 18/35, p. 50; *ibid.*, 18/47, pp. 17, 241; *ibid.*, 18/61, p. 110.

²⁸Porter to Canning, May 20, 1826, F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

²⁹See F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*, correspondence between Porter and Canning during the period May 3, 1826 to April 30, 1827.

³⁰Canning to Porter, August 17, 1826, F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

³¹Yet Bolívar had sternly rebuked Páez earlier (1824) for proposing that a monarchy be set up in northern South America. Victor A. Belaunde, *Bolívar and the Political Thought of the Spanish American Revolution* (Baltimore, 1938), p. 279.

³²Colombia's share of the revolutionary loans raised in England was by far the largest of any of the Latin American countries. In 1826 the principal on Colombia's debt alone amounted to nearly seven million dollars. C. K. Webster, ed., *Britain and the Independence of Latin America* (London, 1938), I, 560.

³³F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

³⁴Rourke's description of the event is more colorful than Porter's: "The two great heroes [Bolívar and Páez] rode bareheaded, side by side, through the familiar streets. The coach could hardly move for the throngs that jammed the way and

clung to its sides. The bells clamored, the cannon roared, the flowers drifted down from the windows . . . Young people ran beside the coach to glimpse the living face of the hero of all those tales they had heard in childhood." Thomas Rourke, *Man of Glory, Simón Bolívar* (New York, 1939), p. 326.

¹⁴A reference to the strained relations between Gran Colombia and Great Britain as a result of Colombia's having defaulted on her payments to the British bond-holders.

¹⁵Gran Colombia was then under a federal form of government only slightly more centralized than that of the United States. The agitation of Páez' adherents for a "federal system" was directed both against the Bogotá government and against Bolívar's proposed Bolivian Code, an instrument of government which provided for an executive with almost unlimited dictatorial powers. See José Gil Fortoul, *Historia Constitucional de Venezuela* (Caracas, 1942), I, 566; José Manuel Restrepo, *Historia de la Revolución de la República de Colombia* (Paris, 1858), III, 532; and Belaunde, *op. cit.*, p. 311.

Porter was convinced that the majority of the people of Venezuela preferred the federal system to the Bolivian Code. On April 9, 1827, he wrote Canning: "Certainly the great mass of the people in Venezuela do desire a change in the form of government. The Ancient Nobles, Army, and Clergy, together with some of the richer party, are vainly anxious for a sort of Hereditary Principality.

"The old patriots and reformers, express themselves in favour of the Bolivian Code, whilst the Theorists and Gentlemen of the Robe, would have an independent Federated State: the lower order, I am inclined to think, seem divided in their wishes, some only hoping for that form of government that would insure them tranquility being nearly altogether indifferent to its nature; others again, would boldly behold a complete revolution in order to establish their colour in supreme authority; nay, would be too happy in aiding in the extinction of the whites. However these, thank God, are but very few. But taking the aggregate sense of what seems now the idea, would be, that a supreme government ought to be given to Venezuela; embracing her ancient limits; Federated with Cundinamarca, Quito, Peru, and Bolivia; the whole being under the immediate auspices and protection of the Liberator, as chief President." F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

¹⁶Porter to Canning, January 24, 1827, F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, January 27, 1827.

¹⁸This affair, as it turned out, had no military significance. The facts are these: Great Britain landed 4,000 troops in Portugal December 26, 1826. The assigned reason for the expedition was that Spain, by sheltering and arming the partisans of would-be usurper of the Portuguese throne Dom Miguel, threatened the independent existence of Portugal, which Britain was obligated by treaty to defend. The supporters of Dom Miguel vanished with the coming of the British, and there were no hostilities. Harold Temperley, *The Foreign Policy of Canning, 1822-27* (London, 1925), p. 81.

¹⁹One of the later Porter dispatches is of interest only for the proof it offers of the genuineness of the hostility which had come to exist between Vice-President Santander and General Bolívar. On April 30, 1827, Porter wrote: "General Bolívar . . . assured me that, from both the public and private conduct of the Vice-President, he was determined not to act longer with such a coadjutor; and should, on his reaching Bogota, take steps that will oblige Santander to resign an office he had disgraced by his corrupt and mal-administration." Porter to Canning, F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

²⁰Porter to Bolívar, March 13, 1827; Porter to Bolívar, May 26, 1827. Daniel F. O'Leary, ed., *Correspondencia de Estranjeros Notables con el Libertador* (Madrid, 1920), II, 31. The work Porter presented to Bolívar was his two volume *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c.* (London, 1821-22). Despite the immoderate praise in the Englishman's letters to Bolívar, the letters neither reveal an acute political bias in favor of the general nor a close personal friendship. Probably the romantic Porter sought only to add Bolívar to his collection of illustrious associates.

²¹One authority on Bolivarian portraits apparently labored under the misconception that Jane Porter painted Bolívar. [Manuel Segundo Sanchez, *Apuntes para la Iconografía del Libertador* (Caracas, 1916)] In a letter to the general Miss Porter spoke of her "portrait" of him. It was undoubtedly a literary sketch, however. Porter's portrait of General Páez hangs today in the Venezuelan Ministry of Foreign Relations.

²²Webster, *op. cit.*, I, 400. Colonel Campbell continued to exercise the diplomatic authority at Bogotá until replaced by William Turner in 1830.

²³Porter to Lord Dudley, July 8, 1827, F.O. Corres., *Venezuela*.

A Trip to Nassau, 1882

A TRAVEL DIARY

Edited by SAMUEL PROCTOR

On the afternoon of January 24, 1882, William Gilbert Davies,¹ a prominent New York attorney and insurance executive, and his family began a sightseeing trip to Florida and the Bahama Islands. Included in the party were Davies' wife, Lucie Rice Davies,² his nine-year-old daughter Gussie,³ and Gussie's nurse, Annie. After stopovers in Washington, D.C., Richmond, Virginia, and Augusta, Georgia, the travellers arrived by train in Savannah, where they secured passage on a steamer sailing for Fernandina, Florida. They proceeded to Jacksonville, where after a brief visit, they boarded the *Western Texas*, on February 4, and sailed for Nassau. After a month in the islands, the Davieses were back in Florida on March 4, and after touring that state and visiting ten days in Norfolk, Virginia, they returned to their home in New York, on May 2, 1882.

Throughout their travels, Davies faithfully noted in his diary the details of the journey. He commented upon conditions of travel, hotels, climate, people that they met, and the sights and scenery of the places they had visited. His diary has been preserved by his daughter, the present Mrs. Louis Mansfield Ogden. A typed copy of the diary is in the Library of the Florida State Historical Society, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida.

FEBRUARY 5TH

The sea was still calm when we rose, and after our coffee (we) went out to the bow of the boat where we were entertained by the gambols of a school of porpoises, and saw a number of flying fish, which latter were very much smaller than I had supposed, being apparently but little larger than good sized locusts. They spring out of the water by twos and threes, sometimes by dozens, and fly perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet before dropping. The porpoise must be a very powerful fish, as I saw some quite large ones throw themselves clean out of water, and repeat the performance as if they enjoy it.

We all went down to breakfast, but Gussie did not remain long; Lucie and I did very well. About ten o'clock we passed Jupiter Inlet, and then laid our course for the Great Isaacs Light,⁴ as a result of which we were soon in the Gulf Stream, and getting further away from shore under the influence of the sea, which the storm of yesterday had knocked up. We had no wind but the sea was quite as bad as on the day before, and the boat was lively, in consequence of which Gussie was soon on her three chairs again, and the rest of the lady passengers very quiet.

We sat out on deck and talked with each other all day, and the time passed without incident. Lucie did not care to go down to the saloon again, but took her meals outside, while I went to the table and did the best I could. The sea subsided again considerably at sunset and Gussie went to bed feeling a little less forlorn. About eight o'clock we sighted the Great Isaacs Light which is visible sixteen miles, and flashes apparently every half minute; soon after the moon came out from behind the clouds, and gave us a magnificent night. The boat rolled considerably towards morning, and Lucie felt so uncomfortable that she got up about six o'clock and went out on deck. As I could not sleep I soon followed her, and we enjoyed the morning coffee together. The stirrup light was just visible off the starboard quarter and we were again heading South by East direct for Nassau, which the Captain expected to reach by eleven o'clock. The morning wore on quietly and I went down to breakfast in due time, after which I went to look after Gussie, who had not yet appeared.

About half past ten the island of New Providence⁵ hove in sight, and we were soon occupied in making our preparations to go on shore. We had heard some things about Custom House officers but did not anticipate much trouble from them and gave ourselves no anxiety on the subject. The pilot met us just outside the bar and by half past eleven we were moored at the dock, and really at the South at last.

All the population of Nassau, mainly coloured, were on the wharf to welcome us and a number of small negroes swam out to meet us, and professed an anxiety to dive for small coins, some of which were thrown overboard by the passengers and successfully brought up from the bottom of the clear water. Captain Sampson Stamp, the crack boatman of the island, came on board with others, and I introduced myself to him . . . and was most cordially received. The Captain took our small traps and escorted us to a carriage in which we rode to the hotel about a quarter of a mile off. We were pleasantly received and given two rooms on the first floor in the rear of the building with the promise that we should be moved as soon as possible. Our trunks arrived soon after not having [been] opened or looked at by the Customs officer, and we were soon ready for dinner which was ready for us at two o'clock and proved to be a bountiful meal, well cooked and well served. After dinner we went out to the front of the hotel where under a large porch we found a number of negroes assembled with the curiosities of the place for sale, such as shells, baskets (of) fruit &c. Gussie bought a very pretty little basket full of the red sea-beans for an English sixpence.

Lucie felt quite worn out and went upstairs to lie down. I had supposed that Gussie would want to do likewise after her total prostration for the last two days, but she was as lively as a cricket, and preferred to talk or walk, so she and I wandered off through the quaint narrow streets, lined with the stone houses and filled with smiling negroes. They all seem bright and cheerful and almost without exception bow to and grin at us as we go by. We went along Bay Street fronting on the harbour, and looked into several shops, all of which seemed to be of a very miscellaneous character.⁶ I bought a small bottle of writing ink as a necessity and some pieces of sugar cane as a luxury,

as it appears to be the correct mode, certainly among the negroes at least, to walk through the streets sucking a piece of that savory plant.

We were addressed on the street by a bright young darkey who told us his name was "Chiquita", and that he hoped to be of service to us. I thought he would be useful in showing us around, and so told him we would be glad to avail ourselves of his good offices when necessary. After a short stroll we returned to the hotel and rested until tea-time.

After supper we went out into the park again as that seems to be the regular evening resort. We soon heard in the distance the strains of the "Red White and Blue" and a negro band consisting of accordian, flute, guitar and bones, marched up in great state, attended by an admiring throng of large and small darkies who evidently took great pride in the performance. The fellows played and sang for more than an hour and some of the party did some very creditable clog dancing which reflected the more credit on them from the fact that they danced barefooted on a stone pavement, but they did not seem to mind it, and danced away with great energy. The hat was passed around afterward and we contributed our share; we did not care to sit up late as we were pretty well tired out, and right glad we were to take off our clothing and get into a regular bed at an early hour.

FEBRUARY 7TH

The dampness and cold of the steamer had affected my feet a little, and I was glad to get out my gout shoes this morning and put them on. When I came downstairs I found Chiquita waiting in the park with a lovely bunch of fresh roses grown here in the open air, with which Lucie and Gussie were delighted. After breakfast Gussie and Annie started off under Chiquita's guidance for the beach in search of shells, and Lucie and I loafed, as I had enough rheumatism to make me reluctant to move about much.

The departure of some of the visitors enabled the authorities to move us and we were placed in two large front rooms with a broad piazza and a lovely view of the harbour and sea. The day passed otherwise without incident and we simply ate and rested. In the evening two little darkies came up and sang to us for a while, but some of the guests commenced pitching coppers to be scrambled for and in consequence the concert was soon broken up in disorder.

FEBRUARY, 8TH

After breakfast I started Gussie and Annie off with Chiquita to row across the bay to Hog Isand and pick up shells, which are said to be very numerous there.⁷ They took their lunch, intending to spend the day and expecting to have a very pleasant time. Lucie and I hired a carriage and went for a drive; we drove along the beach to the Westward, passing the barracks, then the Water Battery⁸ and Fort Charlotte⁹, and so on into the open country beyond.

The coconut trees and bananas gave the scenery a very tropical appearance, and the bright green of the grass and trees and the heat of the sun made it very difficult for us to realize that we are still in the cold dreary month of

February. We went into a small sugar-cane plantation, and saw the whole process of making the sugar, from grinding out the sap, to boiling it down in a series of vats, until it is so far reduced that it can be shoveled into barrels with loose sides, which are then placed over a tank to allow the molasses to drain off. Only the coarse brown sugar is made here, and all the refined white sugar used is imported, it was some gratification to our National pride to observe that the press through which the cane was passed was made in Ohio. The sugar-cane seems to supply all the elements for its own destruction as the darkies and horses live on it, and the refuse after the sap has been pressed out is used to feed the fires under the vats.

We found driving very pleasant as the roads are good, and the carriages comfortable, although the horses are very poor. On our return we went through the upper part of the city on the hill, past the Government House so called, the official residence of the Governor General,¹⁰ and the numerous churches and meeting houses, in which about every sect is represented. After dinner we chatted with our friends in the park for a while, and then rested and wrote, as we did not feel very energetic.

FEBRUARY 9TH

The extraordinary thing about this place is the singular conduct of the roosters who commence to crow about ten o'clock in the evening; and crow for the rest of the night, with the effect of setting off all the dogs in the neighbourhood who are numerous, and interfering very seriously with our slumbers. However we manage to obtain some sleep, and as we do not work very hard during the day, do not suffer seriously.

After breakfast we took a carriage and drove to the Eastward, past Fort Montague¹¹ and over Fox Hill,¹² a towering eminence of perhaps fifty feet on which stands a little church.

All the darkies bow and salute us as we pass, and all seem perfectly happy and perfectly lazy. In fact, as sugar-cane grows spontaneously, and supplies all they want to eat, and the climate is not exacting in respect to clothing life seems to be supported here at a very moderate expense. It is fortunate it is so, for there is very little business, and the winter visitors give most of the employment to the darkies that they have. About the only thing that a man can do who wants to work, is to go off to the Eiluthera Islands¹³ after sponges,¹⁴ a business involving hard work and poor pay, as none of the negroes have any capital, and the whites who furnish the vessels and outfits naturally take the lion's share of the profits. The little darkies however, and the big ones too for that matter, look happy and contented and are always on the broad grin.

On our way back . . . we stopped in at the circulating library, a small round building in front of the hotel, and walked through it. We found quite a collection of stuffed birds, a very good assortment of books, and many of the English papers and magazines. We did not think it worth while

to become subscribers, although the subscription price for visitors like ourselves is only two shillings sterling per month. Supper and our evening talk followed in regular routine, and then we went to bed at our usual early hour.

FEBRUARY 10TH

Today we felt lazy and tired, and unwilling to make any exertion. The wind was still in the South when we arose, but before noon it chopped around to the North, whence it blew hard and cold. I was sitting on our piazza, feeling very warm in the dry sultry air, and suddenly became thoroughly chilled. To my surprise I found the thermometer had sunk only one or two degrees, and that out of the wind it was still quite warm. That seems to be the peculiarity of this climate that the thermometer remains always about the same and the winds have an effect only on those exposed to them. Since we have been here the thermometers in the porch have not gone below seventy-three or above seventy-eight, yet to our feelings it has been both much warmer and much colder.

We had quite a smart shower during the morning, but the sun came out in half an hour, and everything was soon so dry that no traces of it were visible. We took a little stroll in the afternoon and went into one of the numerous shell stores to examine the work. Lucie has quite an idea that she would like to purchase a tortoise shell to take home with her, but it does not appear that it would be of any particular service, and we have not made up our minds to the extravagance. We saw some very pretty Conch pearls, so called from being found in the conch shells, which seem to be as rare and valuable as the oyster pearls; as illustrating the difficulty and uncertainty of finding them, the shop-keeper told us of one man who broke up eleven thousand conch shells, which cost him twelve dollars per thousand, and was rewarded in finding in all fourteen dollars worth of pearls.

Some of the tortoise shell work is quite pretty, but we were most pleased with some turtles with the head and fins neatly varnished, so as to make a very effective curiosity.

Gussie went off after dinner with one of the coloured women who visit the hotel, to see her garden which was said to be full of flowers, and with which she was delighted. She arranged with her friend to bring us a bunch of bananas and a pawpaw. We have had some delicious coconuts and have tried the grapefruit, but are not enthusiastic about it.

FEBRUARY 11TH

It was a beautiful day with a brisk easterly wind blowing, and after breakfast we took Captain Sampson's boat just for ourselves and started for the sea-garden in the channel, between Hog and Athol Islands.¹⁵ We had to beat up against the wind and the spray flew in very lively fashion so that we were all quite wet by the time we reached our destination and came to an anchor, Gussie and Annie sat together on one side of the boat and

seemed to enjoy themselves very much, as they were entirely free from nervousness and Gussie never thought of being seasick. When we got to the sea-garden we looked through the sea-glass, so-called, which is only a square wooden box with a pane of glass at one end, and by placing the glass just below the surface, could see the bottom with the beautiful sponges and plants growing on it, the variegated coral and the exquisitely coloured fish.¹⁶ One of the boys on the boat, stripped to his trousers and dived down to bring up whatever we fancied. We secured some beautiful fans, several specimens of sponge and coral, and then started back, the sail before the wind being much drier and also warmer. All the darkey boys about here seem to be amphibious and as much at home in the water as on land. On the way back we saw a cotton field in full growth, as Gussie was anxious to secure some of the pods, we sent one of the boys on shore, who came back with a number of branches containing pods filled with cotton to bursting. The Captain landed us in fine style, and we reached home in time for dinner with a good appetite.

After dinner we found in the porch Gussie's friend with the bananas and pawpaws all of which looked very green, but we were assured they would ripen, so we had them sent up to our room. Lucie and I wandered off for a stroll and went up to Fort Fennicastle [Fincastle] on the hill near the hotel, which is said to be built like a ship.¹⁷ It does not look unlike one with its long bastion protruding to the eastward like the prow, while the signal station on it completes the likeness by appearing like a pilot house. The sergeant in charge of it was absent, and the door locked, so we could not go up on the walls. We therefore contented ourselves by sitting on the rocks and admiring the view. A little to the South and West lies the prison which seems to be a large and commodious as well as a strong and durable structure.¹⁸

FEBRUARY 12TH

Another beautiful warm summer day, and after breakfast Lucie, Gussie and I went to service at the Cathedral.¹⁹ We were given seats of honour in the Bishop's pew, immediately opposite to the Governor General, the Cathedral is a large spacious building with a handsome stained East window, and as we sat there with the windows all open and the warm air p'aying around us, we could hardly believe that we were not in church at home in midsummer. All around on the walls were mural memorial tablets so common in England and so rare with us, and while waiting for the service to begin, we read as much of them as we could. As the clock struck eleven, the organist, a lady by the way, . . . who played splendidly, commenced a voluntary and the ministers and clergy much to our surprise straggled in, one after another and took their places in the stalls. The Bishop of course came last, wearing his Episcopal robes and the red hood of a Doctor of Divinity. He has a strong kindly face, but is a young looking man for such a position. The service sounded familiar and yet strange, with its prayers and supplications for the Queen and the Royal family, and the music was

quite good. The lessons were read by the Bishop's chaplain who is the most nervous man I ever saw, and whose delivery is a funny sing-song voice which is almost laughable. The litany was not read, and in its place we had the prayers for Church All conditions of men, &c.

The Bishop read the Communion service, and preached us a short sensible sermon from St. Paul's text "For as in Adam all men die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive". The only unusual feature in the service was that the entire congregation standing while the collection was taken up. We remained for the Sacrament, with a very few others, and returned after a delightful morning. Our dinner was enjoyed and the rest of the day we spent quietly at home; I am very much relieved to be at last entirely free from rheumatism, I hope permanently. I put away my gout shoes yesterday and trust it will be a long time before I have to endue my feet with them again.

FEBRUARY 13TH

The first news I had this morning when I went down stairs was that the "Carondelet" the Mallory steamer which left New York on the 8th inst. was in so that we may look to have some mail, and next that Gussie's friend Chiquita is in trouble. It seems that he got into a fight with another darkey on Saturday and was seized by the police and incarcerated in consequence. Captain Sampson and Mr. Taft of Point Shirley fame, who is staying here, went down to the police barracks yesterday and obtained his release by becoming responsible for his appearance in the Police Court at ten o'clock this morning for trial. So after breakfast Mr. Taft and I went down to see what I could do for him. While waiting for the police magistrate to arrive, we met Inspector Sutton, the officer in command of the police, who very courteously showed us over his barracks, which are well adapted for their purpose and in apple pie order. He formerly had forty men under his order but the force has now been reduced to sixteen, which however seems to be amply sufficient, as he tells us the population is perfectly peaceful and docile and never gives any trouble. So true is this that at the jail where large numbers of prisoners are confined, there is not a weapon in the place. One frequently meets at work on the roads, gangs of six or eight in charge of one man armed only with a cane.

Occasionally the soldiers become quarrelsome and last summer they nearly killed a police sergeant, but with the exception of the annual fights with them, the police have little to do. We interrogated the sergeant about Chiquita's character, thinking perhaps it might be a good lesson to him to spend a week in jail, but we were told a darkey who goes to jail generally becomes demoralised and unfit for anything afterwards. The boy too, seems to stand well with the police, the worst said against him that he is quick-tempered and occasionally engaged in brawls, so we determined to stand by him.

The only evidence offered at his trial was that of the policeman who made the arrest, from which it seemed both parties to the quarrel were about

equally to blame, and the magistrate sentenced the combatants to a fine of fourteen shillings or fourteen days in jail. Chiquita had four shillings so Mr. Taft and I made up the balance and he was free, but I fear the other poor fellow who had no benevolent friends was forced to expiate his offence by fourteen days work on the road. We took advantage of the occasion to give our victim some good advice, and Captain Sampson promised to keep him on his boat and out of the way of temptation hereafter.

This business being disposed of, we strolled into Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, in which I found a judge, three officers, two lawyers and a cloud of witnesses engaged in a contest over a sum of eight shillings and sixpence. I waited long enough to see the plaintiff dismissed with costs, a righteous judgment, as his claim was evidently trumped up, and then went to the hotel where I found a large mail.

FEBRUARY 14TH

This being the festal day of the good Saint Valentine, Gussie was in a great state of excitement, and I gave her some money to expend at the bookstore for what she could find. She made her purchases judiciously and remembered both her mother and myself,

The General Assembly of the Island was to be opened by the Governor General in State today, and I had obtained tickets, but poor Lucie was feeling badly, and not up to excitement so I was forced to go alone. I found the hall in which the ceremonies were to be held, already well filled with ladies, with a fringe of prominent colored citizens behind them and as it was very warm, remained out on the balcony, in front of which a colored band was playing with great energy, but not much discretion.

The day is evidently a great one in the Colony, and everyone is out in the best clothes, and a crowd of negroes wait about to see the ceremonies. The company of black troops marched down from the barracks and took up position in the road in front of the wall, while behind them a company of artillery had placed their guns in battery, ready to give the salute. Precisely at one o'clock His Excellency drove up in an open carriage accompanied by the Commander of the Forces and his private secretary, to be received with presented arms and "God save the Queen" to which national anthem no one takes off his hat but himself. After reaching the Council Chamber he sent his private secretary for the Assembly, and on their arrival headed by their Speaker and Mace, delivered his address which possessed the great merit under the circumstance of being short. The poor gentleman had on his civil uniform, heavily braided with gold lace, and evidently found it very warm. At the close of his address he declared the Parliament open, and dismissed the Assembly to their deliberations, the artillery fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the band again played "God save the Queen" and the Governor drove off, evidently delighted to have it all over. He dined afterwards at the hotel in plain clothes and looked much happier.

In the afternoon we took another drive and enjoyed it very much. We went through Augusta Street which we had not yet been in, and from the crest of the hill which we crossed, obtained the finest view of the city we have yet had, including the first well-kept cemetery we have yet seen, the so-called Potters Field. On our way out we drove through the grounds of the Government House and admired the rear of the statue of Columbus of which we have already seen the front.²⁰

FEBRUARY 15TH

Lucie did not feel much like active exertion this morning, so Gussie and I took a walk. We went first to the drug store where we had a prescription made up and bought some candy, and then to the book store; Gussie had seen there a picture book of Kate Greenaway's to purchase and illustrate, so I made her the proud possessor of that, and of a juvenile paint box, so she was happy. We also purchased a valentine for Lucie to show that we had remembered her, and then went into a store to weigh ourselves where we discovered that she turned the scale at sixty-five pounds and I at one hundred and forty-three. This exhausted the resources of the place, and we returned to the hotel.

In the afternoon Gussie and I went to a little fair which was to be held for the benefit of a church in one of the out parishes, and found it offered nothing but articles quite as useless as those for sale in our church fairs at home. However we succeeded in spending some money with satisfaction to herself, and I trust with benefit to the object in view, and then we returned to Lucie for whom we bought two photographs of groups of children entitled "Good night" and "Good morning" and exhibiting the expressions of countenance suitable to those two epochs. The evening brought the usual steamer concert, the band on this occasion being strengthened by a triangle and therefore being somewhat worse than usual; we stood it as long as we could, and were glad to escape by retiring upstairs and still more thankful when it was over.

FEBRUARY 16TH

The excursionists all started off this morning by carriage or boat to see the sights, and after the coast was clear, Lucie and I took a carriage and went for a drive. We drove out to the Eastward past Fort Montague and on the beach. On the way we passed the famous Banyan tree of which all the guidebooks speak and of which we had heard so much, and thought it rather a humbug.²¹ We must have passed it before on our drives and not noticed it. In the season when covered with leaves it may look impressive, but it is altogether much smaller and insignificant than we expected. The manner in which the branches droop is certainly singular and interesting, but otherwise there is nothing noticeable about the tree.

Lucie and I climbed up to Fort Finnicastle (sic), and as the sergeant was there, and the gate open, went up on the ramparts and watched the steamer go out. She did not leave until four o'clock, and after she gained

the horizon we went down and talked with the sergeant, but did not get any more information. In fact all the history of the Bahamas seems to be mainly legendary and nothing is definitely known even about the building of the forts. I suppose the islands have never occupied a sufficiently important place in the eyes of the world to make their doings of much consequence, and the pirates by whom they were mainly occupied up to a recent period, probably did not keep records of their transactions. In the evening we sat in the porch for a while, but we missed our friends and went to bed early.

FEBRUARY 17TH

After breakfast we started out to walk to Fort Charlotte, but the day was very hot and we rather repented our rash action by the time we reached there, especially as we climbed up the hill on which it is situated. It is an old-fashioned work with a dry moat around it, the guns mounted in barbette, and although the various bastions are connected by underground passages, it would doubtless be utterly untenable against modern artillery. In fact a single heavy shell landed in the middle of it would probably dismount every gun and blow the whole thing to pieces.

We strolled slowly homewards and on our way passing the Cathedral and seeing it open we went in and spent some time in reading the memorial tablets of which there are many. We felt quite tired by the time we reached the hotel and disinclined to further exertion, but I had engaged Chiquita to take me fishing and did not like to disappoint him; so after dinner Gussie and I started off in a small boat with him and rowed to the other side of the bay where we anchored and threw out our lines. The tide was coming in and ran like a mill-race, so that our bait would not lie near the bottom. Either for that reason or because the fish have a chronic disinclination to bite, in two hours I caught two fish and Chiquita one, while Gussie amused herself by admiring the bottom through a sea glass. After ending this amusement we went back to the hotel where the evening passed quietly for us as usual. The townspeople tonight give a grand entertainment to the Governor, and the hall in which the performance of the other day was held has been quite elaborately decked for the occasion. Of course we did not attend, but after we had gone to bed the music kept us awake for a long time. One man had a cornet or French horn into which he blew with an energy which silenced even the dogs in the neighbourhood. This lasted until about three o'clock, and then after the strains of "God save the Queen" had died out, the guests began to come back somewhat noisily, and when they had subsided, the waiters returned with the crockery and glassware, a considerable amount of which, to judge from the sounds was smashed in transit. So altogether the night was for us a somewhat restless one and we were not grieved when it was time to rise.

FEBRUARY 18TH

We were tired and sleepy this morning not to say cross, and much disinclined for any active exertion. So we sauntered about the hotel all the

morning, wrote a little, read a little and so whiled away time until dinner. It is only fair to say that it is not necessary to make any special exertion to get rid of time here, for I was never in a place in which the days passed so rapidly and uneventfully. The climate is so pleasant and yet so enervating that it is sufficient occupation to sit still on a piazza and watch the sea.

FEBRUARY 19TH

I was up bright and early and went for a bath which I obtained after some delay and thoroughly enjoyed. Lucie and I attended service in the Cathedral, the Bishop and his timid chaplain were absent today and we had the regular service with the litany, except that in place of a sermon the rector read a pastoral from the Bishop on the proper observance of the Lenten season, which impressed me very deeply by its earnest spirit and sensible advice, and of which I shall endeavour to obtain a copy. After dinner we took a carriage and had a long drive toward the North side of the island, and then along the beach to the Eastward, which we enjoyed very much although the sky looked threatening and the wind blew strongly. In the evening we were prepared to go to the "Shouters" who are apparently one of the legitimate sights here, and we prepared to do so with Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, and a Mrs. Ogden from Jersey City. As their carriage had not arrived when it was time to start, we all got into the one which came for us, and rode over a mile to a little thatched building in Grantstown,²² which we found filled with an attentive congregation of negroes. If we came with any expectation of being amused we were most properly disappointed and instead edified with a most earnest, impassioned and on the whole, well conceived sermon from the text "Behold the Lamb of God". The negro preacher appeared to be a Methodist exhorter, and held the attention of his hearers closest for about half an hour. Then a hymn was "lined" and sung atrociously with a horrible nasal twang, afterward a collection was taken up to the accompaniment of a song sung in endless repetition by a few of the sisters and a chorus of "Zion Oh"! by the main body. One of the features of this branch of the service was the parade of the small darkies, who when they had any money to contribute, marched in single file up to the pulpit to hand it in, and then marched on round the hall two or three times for no apparent reason. A brief prayer concluded the exercises and we rode home to talk in the porch until ten o'clock and then go quietly to bed.

FEBRUARY 20TH

Lucie was rather tired out this morning by her exertions of yesterday, and did not care to get up early, so I was thrown upon my own resources. By way of enjoying my own society thoroughly I went for a walk and dropped in at the book store where I bought a Church of England prayer book, handsomely printed and bound for the moderate sum of one dollar. Then strolling down Bay Street met Chiquita and sent him to buy a pound of figs, a luxury for which Lucie had expressed a desire.

FEBRUARY 21ST

Today turned out to be one of the great festivals of the year for Nassau, it being the occasion of the Annual Races. We endeavored to secure a carriage to go to them but found that effort hopeless, as everything in town on wheels had been long engaged. So we decided to go by boat, as the track is near the water, and started off with Sampson about half past eleven o'clock. We had a pleasant sail down with a south wind on our quarter, and when we reached the shore, had to be rowed to it in a small boat and then carried through the surf by one of the boatmen, to the immense delight of Lucie and Gussie. A short walk brought us to the grand stand which we had been warned was somewhat insecure, but a cursory examination satisfied me that it was so braced as to be perfectly safe, and I took my party up without hesitation.

The races were quite amusing being running tests between Bahama bred ponies, and very exciting to the Negro population all of whom turned out and speculated freely on the results. So freely as to cause a great deal of bad feelings, and nearly every race was followed by at least one fight, which we could see well from our corner of vantage. As the combatants only banged each other about the head, they inflicted no serious injury and the affairs were soon over. One little negro jockey rode admirably, . . . on one occasion, while coming down the home stretch with a good lead, his horse bolted off the track, and he brought him back just in time to win after a very exciting finish.

We had a nice lunch in our corner, and quite as good a time as the Governor General and other friends who were at the other end of the stand. The most amusing character was the Clerk of the Course who tore up and down on horse back, driving the negroes back to the sides and making himself as conspicuous as possible. I thought it a good illustration of the brutal contempt with which the English treat the other races with whom they are brought in contact in their colonies, that he carried a long horse-whip and lashed the darkies as he rode by, to which they were as indifferent as he. On one occasion he knocked down and rode over a negro crossing the track, going calmly on without looking round, or apparently caring for what he had done. We feared the man was killed or at least seriously injured, but he picked himself up with a broad grin and seemed rather amused at the accident than otherwise. We left about five o'clock, being then pretty well tired out and without waiting for the donkey race, much to Gussie's regret, as she was particularly anxious to see that. We embarked without difficulty and had a pleasant sail back to the city. The evening passed as usual in quiet conversation in the porch, and we went early to bed being somewhat fatigued by the day's exertions and excitements.

FEBRUARY 22ND

It being Ash Wednesday Lucie and I went to church, and for the first time listened to the Consecration Service. I think we have reason to regret

that it was omitted from the ritual of the American Church for it seems to me a very impressive reminder of the danger of the sins which we are all liable to commit, and certainly no harm could come from an annual warning of so solemn a character against them.

FEBRUARY 23RD

The wind which was in the North yesterday, hauled round to the Westward during the night, but Captain Sampson insisted that it was a good day for the Coral Reef, and as that is one of the regular sights, we determined to avail ourselves of the opportunity. So after breakfast we invited the Worthingtons to go with us, and so started with a party of five in the "Triton". We went off with a very fair wind, but soon after we passed through the Sea-garden, it commenced to die out and when we were within a half a mile or so of the reef, it fell dead calm, and we had to be sculled and towed the rest of the way. The ground swell gave the boat a very disagreeable motion, and Mrs. Worthington, Lucie and Gussie all felt somewhat uncomfortable, so when we reached our anchorage they all went ashore in the small boat and sat on the beach while Worthington and I were rowed about. We duly admired the coral trees and caves and the beautiful parti-colored fish we saw swimming round among them, while our divers brought up for us, so-called fans, and pieces of coral, one of which was the largest single piece I ever saw, and declared by Sampson to be the largest ever raised there. These boys are wonderfully at home in the water and work away underneath it as calmly as if they were on dry land. About an hour of this work satisfied us, so we recalled our women and started for home. The calm continued until we were well out from Rose Island, and then we had a fine Northwest breeze which lasted us home.

FEBRUARY 24TH

After breakfast this morning we were invited by the Stoddards (I find the name should be written Stodders) to take a sail. Gussie is no longer deterred by fears of sea-sickness and gladly joined the party; the wind was Northerly and we had a lively run to the Eastward and as far out as the end of Rose Island,²³ and then came back on the port tack, so that we were under the shadow of the sail both ways. We had a delightful time and the wind held the boat so steadily that there was no perceptible motion, and no excuse for seasickness. We were back just in time for dinner and with excellent appetites for it.

FEBRUARY 25TH

The wind is still Northerly, and blowing hard so that it is not very pleasant. Lucie took Gussie and Annie in the morning and went off for a drive, while I stayed at home and wrote for a while. I have been very much pleased with the manners and appearance of the Bishop, and thus I determined to make a call on him, thinking that he would not be likely to regard it as an intrusion.

He has a very nice place on Shirley Street, and the house which is on the top of the hill commands a magnificent view of the harbor and ocean. When I first arrived at the house, I was puzzled how to make my presence known, as although all the doors and windows stood wide open I could see no one nor any means of announcing my presence. A patient search however revealed a hand-bell on the newell at the foot of the staircase leading to the front door, and on ringing that, a servant appeared and took my card. His lordship seemed much pleased at my call, and we had a very pleasant conversation for about half an hour. He gave me a copy of the pastoral letter which we heard read in the Cathedral and which pleased us so much, and I invited him to take an informal dinner with us at the hotel on Monday. He hesitated a little at going out in Lent, but I reminded him that we were in mourning ourselves, so we could not make a party, and he then consented. He appeared a most agreeable gentleman, and I was very glad that I had ventured to make the advance with which he seemed to be pleased.

After my return home to report progress, Lucie and I walked down to Bay Street and into the shell store, where she bought some tortoise shell hairpins, and a pretty breast pin of the same material. In the afternoon we took advantage of the cool weather to go out for a walk, she was anxious to see the prison so we first went there, but were courteously informed by the gatekeeper that we could not be admitted without a permit from the prison inspector, a Mr. Cranford who is also the postmaster here. So we abandoned that institution and went to the Public Hospital,²⁴ where we were informed by a board posted at the entrance that visitors were admitted only on Wednesdays or Sundays. Whereupon we gave up our efforts to inspect the public institutions, and strolled down to the Bay Street market, where we admired the fish and bought some peanuts, and then went up George Street through the Government House grounds, and so home.

In the evening the hotel gave a hop, and the various young women staying here turned out in their best bibs and tuckers to fascinate the four white officers and the shop-keepers of Nassau. They apparently enjoyed it but Lucie and I did not care to join the giddy throng and remained in our own room, where the Worthingtons joined us and we played Casino.

FEBRUARY 26TH

I had read in the guide book that the choral service in St. Mary's Church was very attractive, so this morning Lucie and I drove there instead of going to the Cathedral.²⁵ I cannot say that we felt rewarded for the music was not very good and the whole affair seemed cheap and tawdry. We had a good sermon on the Gospel of the day (First Sunday in Lent) and then as our carriage was waiting, drove along the beach to the Westward for a short distance and then came home for dinner. In the afternoon we took a drive with the Worthingtons on their invitation out to the Eastward on the beach, and then back on the Fox Hill road.

FEBRUARY 27TH

As the Bishop is coming to dine with us today, I ordered my wine after breakfast, and told our head waiter that I would like to have our dinner served in courses, so that we may be saved the annoyance of having to order it. We stayed on our piazza all the morning, and the only excitement we had was a visit from a young negro artist named Tiffany Findley who had spent some time in America, and received his art education as a valet to Louis Tiffany.²⁸ He brought with him a portfolio of his studies, mainly of native flowers, although he had some landscapes which were not so good as the others. Lucie bought a pretty panel representing a bell, or trumpet flower, a long white one which has an exquisite perfume by night, but very little by day, and with which some of the trees in the neighborhood are perfectly loaded.

Soon after the artist left us, his Lordship appeared and we all went down to dinner. Mason, a young colored boy with a great taste in flowers, had prepared for us a beautiful piece for our table, and the waiters had taken special pains to arrange it so as to be attractive. The dinner was good and nicely served and the Bishop seemed to enjoy it, but he would not take any wine, I suppose in view of its being Lent. He made himself very agreeable and we were both much pleased with him. Some of the guests had arranged a donkey race for the afternoon, and in consequence, there was a great crowd and a tremendous clatter in front of our room when we went up stairs, but it soon died away and we had a pleasant chat about everything.

FEBRUARY 28TH

Gussie and I took a little walk in the morning to the bookstore, as I wished to buy some more foolscap, and while there I found some novels and purchased two, as I have about exhausted my supplies of literature. Then we came home naturally and I read while Lucie amused herself with "Angela's Angel" and Gussie painted.

MARCH 1ST

We were rather lazy this morning and did not feel like doing anything when we did get up. Lucie still hankered after coconuts, and as I had not been very fortunate in my purchases yesterday. I thought it wiser to send Chiquita to see what he could get for us. He returned with four splendid looking nuts, but when we had one of them opened the meat turned out to be soft and jelly-like, and Lucie was again disappointed. I was told afterward that most of the coconuts on the island are of this character, and that the hard meat which we have in the North is rarely found here.

After supper Lucie and I went to the Cathedral for evening service. The congregation was quite large, the Bishop was present but unofficially, and in his pew. Service was read by the rector Mr. Swann, and the lessons by the Bishop's chaplain Mr. Strange; the sermon was preached by Mr. Wakefield of St. Mary's, whom we heard on Sunday last. The sermon was

well written and well delivered and we listened to it with interest. All the clergy we have heard commit their discourses to memory and deliver them without notes, much the more effective manner, with the exception of poor Mr. Buckle who was obliged to read his,

As we came out of church, and were strolling slowly homeward through the beautiful moonlight, we heard a long steam whistle. Lucie exclaimed "There is the steamer". I hope she was mistaken, but we soon heard our impression confirmed by others, and when we reached Parliament Street, we met the Worthingtons going down to see her come in, so we turned around and walked to the dock with them. The steamer was already there and the usual-miscellaneous crowd around her, so we returned to the hotel and sat in the porch until the new arrivals came up.

There was no one among them we knew, and we were disgusted to find that the mail would not be opened tonight and that we would have to wait until tomorrow for our letters. We talked to the Worthingtons a little while afterwards but they returned early and we went to bed for our last night in Nassau.

MARCH 2ND

Of course the first thing to be done this morning was to pack, as we were notified that the steamer would sail at two o'clock sharp. and that we must be on board by one. Chiquita took all our small traps and we walked down to the dock with the Worthingtons. We had to wait for the mails which had been promised for two o'clock, but it was half an hour later before they were put on board. A few minutes [later] the whistle sounded, those who intended to remain went on shore, the lines were cast off, and we commenced to move from the wharf. Poor Chiquita sat on it crying as if his heart would break, and I felt regret myself to leave a spot where I had passed so many happy hours, and which in all probability I shall never see again.

If I have not before spoken of the climate of Nassau let me say here, that I consider it a very unsafe one for persons suffering from pulmonary affections, and I doubt very much if it is a good one for diseases of the throat. It is true that the thermometer varies very little, its range during our visit being from 68° to 78° Fahrenheit, but the winds changed suddenly and those blowing from the North and North-east are very chilling to one exposed to them. In fact, as was well remarked by a visitor to me, one needs to watch the vane rather than the thermometer to know how to dress. Several times we have gone to bed on a close sultry night with only a sheet over us and awakened chilled through to find that a cold Northerly wind was blowing on us. Then the air is constantly full of fine imperceptible dust formed by the disintegration of the limestone roads, which is very trying to the throat. But for those suffering from nervous prostration of over work and in need of rest, nothing could be more desirable than the perfect *dolce far niente* to which the unchanging blue skies, and the absence of mails, telegrams and newspapers invite.

At three o'clock we had passed the bar, dropped our pilot and were heading North by West, for the Stirrup Cay light.²⁷ We had all come off without our dinner, and thoroughly appreciated the lunch which the steward provided for us soon after our departure. The day was magnificent, the water perfectly still, and we crossed the North-east Providence channel where we encountered such a rough sea coming down, as quietly as if we had been going up the Hudson River. Even Gussie scorned to be seasick, and when we sighted the light at seven o'clock, was as bright and well to anyone. She and Lucie preferred however to take their dinner on deck, and so I went down to mine alone. In the evening we sat out on deck, in the magnificent moonlight until after ten o'clock, and then as the boat was gliding steadily along, went to bed in the confident hope of a good night's rest.

FOOTNOTES

¹William Gilbert Davies, the son of Henry E. Davies, a justice of the New York Court of Appeals and the State Supreme Court, was born in New York City on March 21, 1842. He was graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, in 1860, and then enrolled for a year's graduate work at the University of Leipsic, Germany. Upon his return to the United States in 1861 he entered the law firm of Slossons, Hutchins and Pratt, at the same time studying law at Columbia College Law School. He was admitted to the bar in 1863 and shortly afterwards joined the Twenty-Second Regiment of the New York State militia and participated in the Gettysburg campaign. He was subsequently named adjutant of the Fourth Regiment. He formed a law partnership in 1864, but two years later entered the service of the Mutual Insurance Company. When that firm's law department was organized in 1870 he was named assistant. He became head of the department and general solicitor for the company in 1885. He was recognized as an expert in the field of insurance law, and in 1891 he delivered a series of lectures on the subject at the University of the City of New York. He was the author of *Papers and Addresses*, a collection of historical essays and papers on life insurance law, published in 1907. Davies died on July 26, 1910. (Brief sketches of Davies are found in *The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, I (New York, 1898), 366-367; *Who's Who in America*, 1910-1911, VI (Chicago, 1911), 482; *Who Was Who in America*, 1897-1942 (Chicago, 1942) 298-299.

²Lucie Rice Davies, a native of Boston, married William Gilbert Davies on December 15, 1870. Her father, Alexander Hamilton Rice, was the twenty-sixth Governor of Massachusetts. Before his election to that office he had served as mayor of Boston, and had been elected to Congress for four consecutive terms.

³Gussie Davies is the present Mrs. Louis Mansfield Ogden of Tuxedo Park, New York. Mrs. Ogden has a winter home in Sarasota, Florida.

⁴Great Isaacs Lighthouse, stands in the middle of Great Isaacs Island, a three-quarter mile strip of land. Its great red and white striped tower, throwing a beam some nineteen miles, was known locally as "Victoria Light" after Queen Victoria.

⁵New Providence Island is the main island and the capital city of Nassau is built along its harbour front. The island is about twenty-one miles long and about six or seven miles wide. It was named by Captain William Sayle, an English navigator, whose ship found refuge there after it had been driven off course by an Atlantic storm.

⁶Bay Street, paralleling the water's edge, was the main business street in Nassau. Stores, banks, public buildings, the Sponge Exchange, and Rawson Square are all on Bay Street.

⁷Hog Island, famous for its Paradise Beach, forms the north side of Nassau harbour, and the Nassau Lighthouse is on its West end.

⁸The Water Battery of four guns was on the short opposite Fort Charlotte.

⁹Fort Charlotte, began in 1787 and completed two years later by Lord Dunmore, was named for the consort of George III. The middle and western portions, added subsequently, were called Forts Stanley and D'Arcy respectively. The three are connected by an extensive labyrinth of underground passes. Fort Charlotte guards the western entrance to the harbour.

¹⁰Government House, the residence of the Colonial Governor, was erected in 1801 by Governor John Halkett. Located on Mount Fitzwilliam, it has a commanding view of the harbour. The gardens around Government House are extensive and contain many fine old trees and beautiful native flowers and shrubs.

¹¹Fort Montague, named in honour of the Duke of Montague, was completed in 1741 by Peter Henry Bruce, engineer commissioned by the British Government to fortify Nassau. It guards the eastern entrance to the harbour.

¹²Fox Hill is also the name given to the native settlement in that area of the island.

¹³Eleuthera was one of the earliest Bahama islands to be colonized. In 1647, when the Company of Eleutherian Adventurers in London received permission from Parliament to settle the island in the area, Eleuthera was the name applied to the whole group of islands.

¹⁴Sponge production, an important part of Bahama industry, began in the islands early in the nineteenth century. The first major exportation started in 1841, and today scores of vessels and hundreds of men are involved in the industry.

¹⁵Athol Island is just East of Hog Island. Except for the Quarantine Station it is almost uninhabited. Between Athol and Hog Islands there is a small passage known as "The Narrows" and alongside the cut are the sea gardens.

¹⁶The sea gardens have long been famous as one of Nassau's most popular tourist attractions. On a calm day they are a beautiful sight, the water over them being clear and less than a fathom deep.

¹⁷Fort Fincastle was constructed in 1793 after Lord Dunmore decided that Fort Charlotte was inadequate for the defense of Nassau. Built on Bennett's Hill, it covered the road to the East as well as the battery on Hog Island. It is constructed in a queer shape, resembling an old-time paddle-wheel steamer. The fort takes its name from one of Lord Dunmore's titles, Viscount Fincastle.

¹⁸The prison was erected in 1865 during the administration of Governor R. W. Rawson. The walls are of native stone and the iron work came from England. The old gaol was turned into a public library, reading-room and museum in 1879.

¹⁹Christ Church, completed in 1840, stands on the site of an older church, erected about a hundred years before. It is a plain stone building, consisting of a nave, two aisles, and a western tower. In 1861 the See of Nassau was formed and Christ Church was designated as the Cathedral of the diocese.

²⁰The statue of Columbus was modelled in London under the direction of Washington Irving, and was presented to the colony by Governor Sir James Carmichael Smyth.

²¹Probably Davies was referring to the famous silk cotton tree that is supposed to be over two hundred years old. It stands just behind the Post Office.

²²Grant's Town, just South of the city, was the largest native suburb. It was laid out in 1829 by J. J. Burnside, Surveyor General, under the direction of the Colonial Governor, General Sir Lewis Grant. Almost all the houses in Grant's Town are wooden and many of them are almost imbedded in the tropical shrubbery.

²³Rose Island, nine miles long and only about a hundred yards average width, is one of the most popular of the outlying islands near Nassau. Its only good harbour, on the south side of the island, is called "Little Harbour" or "Lower Harbour".

²⁴The Bahamas General Hospital had its beginning in a legislative enactment, passed in 1809, authorizing a "Poor House and Hospital" for the infirm and poor. Later the institution was enlarged and was used both as an infirmary and as an asylum for lunatics and lepers. The Public Dispensary which distributed medicines to the poor, also operated out of the Hospital.

²⁵St. Mary's Church was constructed in 1868-1869 on the site of an old building that had been known as "Bray's School House." It was used for a while as a chapel and was destroyed in a hurricane in 1866.

²⁶Louis Comfort Tiffany, the well known American artist, art collector and patron, was born in 1848 and died January 17, 1933. He was a member of the famous family of jewellers and became the president and art director of the Tiffany Studios. In 1918 he established the Tiffany Foundation for art students at Oyster Bay, N.Y.

²⁷The light on Great Stirrup Cay was erected in 1863. The Cay lies northwest of Berry Islands.

A Royal Birthday In Haiti (15th August, 1816)

JEAN COMHAIRE

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, among other priceless Haitian documents, has a copy of the relation of a visit to Cape Henry, formerly Cape Français, and now Cape Haitien, paid by King Henri Christophe (1811-1820) and by his Queen, on the occasion of the latter's birthday.¹ It appears that the people in the town granted a truly royal welcome to their sovereigns, whose popularity was confirmed by an Englishman, who visited the island a few years after the king's death, at a time when any feelings to the contrary would have been most easily liberated.² So, let us share in our official chronicler's enthusiasm, and enjoy in his company what happened on the occasion.

Troops of the Royal Guard left the royal residence at Sans Souci early on August 14, and marched all day long to Cape Henry. The people everywhere were busy erecting triumphal arches along the road, as is still the custom in Haiti today, on the occasion of presidential visits. The king followed in the afternoon, wearing the uniform of his Light Cavalry, all blue, with white lapels and cuffs, and a blue-plumed shako.³ The royal retinue consisted of sixteen carriages, with a military escort, followed by a caravan of junior officers and of private individuals, all eager to take their share of the forthcoming celebrations. The farmers shouted applause as they passed by, and there was nothing to remind the traveller of the war which had been raging there, less than thirteen years ago, until one reached the town, which had been set on fire by Christophe himself, on the arrival of the French, in 1802, and which was still half-reconstructed.

But even in town, the shouting crowd made everybody forget all about the ruins. On the bridge at Haut-du-Cap, their Majesties were welcomed by Prince Jean, the admiral of the Royal Navy, and by other naval officers.⁴ A little farther on, the king left his carriage, to receive the greetings of Duke of Marmelade, governor of Cape Henry, and then proceeded on horseback. Along Rue Espagnole, he rode between two lines of infantrymen, and the people kept shouting and throwing flowers, while salvos were fired from the forts around the town and from the ships in port. Archbishop Brelle, one of the few French priests who had espoused the cause of Haitian freedom,⁵ welcomed the king at the corner of Place d'Armes, where the cathedral of massive blue stone pillars stood in front of the royal residence, an indifferent two-storied mansion hardly worthy of a king famous for his building genius.⁶

On August 15, the cannon again roared and Baron Dessalines called at the royal lodge, accompanied by all the government officers, to present good wishes to the Queen. Queen Marie Louise, born Coidavid, was a full-blooded black lady, rather small and not pretty, but endowed with a charming smile and a lot of wit. She stood in sharp contrast with her husband, a tall man of dark but not black complexion, but both always were simple and dignified

in their attire, unlike many courtiers who wore much-decorated fancy dresses. The royal pair's duty on such a morning was to thank God for so much glory. So they walked to the cathedral, preceded by two lines of pages and noblemen, and the archbishop sang the *Te Deum*. In the evening, dinner was served to four hundred guests, in an extension to the palace built especially for the occasion and lavishly decorated with paintings and mirrors. Toasts were delivered and the company sang patriotic songs, while the crowd danced and enjoyed fireworks on Place d'Armes. The king and queen took selected guests to a show of "Zemire and Azore", the French opera, before taking a walk among the crowd.

The next day, the Duke of Marmelade played host to his king. The company included ten British merchants and three Americans, and everybody drank to the rare friends Haiti then had among the powers, King George III, President Madison of the United States, King William of the Netherlands, King Frederic William of Prussia, the British Prince-Regent, and William Wilberforce, the "Friend of Mankind". King Christophe was a great friend of England, and the Annual Register for 1811 had commented on the occasion of his coronation, "he will probably act the monarch with as much stage dignity as any of those who have lately been elevated to that station in Europe".⁷ At this dinner, a former British officer named White rose to tell the Duke's guests, "In your position today, you must fear nobody, you are invincible." Across the seas, an anonymous poet soon was going to promise him the help of all Europe, in case of a French attack on the kingdom.⁸

Sunday the 18th was Army day, a big day. The Queen, after an early mass, invited all the ladies in town for dinner at the Palace on the following Sunday. She then joined the king on the balcony of their residence, where he was receiving the salute of his troops. As some ladies were present, Christophe made them promise to sew new standards for all the Cape regiments. The afternoon gave the king an opportunity to revel in the military exercises that he loved. Wearing the red coat of the Haitian Guard, he took personal command of his colourful units, and made them ride all over the square, in as many formations as provided for in army regulations. Gleaming with excitement, his eyes wandered from the King's Own, in blue and white, to the Queen's Own, in red and blue, and from the Prince Royal's Regiment, in green and pink, to the Bodyguard, in white and red. Two of his sons rode among the officers, the Prince Royal, a fat boy of twelve, and the Duke of Mole, the apple of his father's eye, but an illegitimate child.

Affairs of State kept the king busy for the duration of the week that followed. Baron Dupuy, his principal secretary, introduced the foreign residents of Cape Henry, and Mr. John Schoolbred, an English merchant, delivered a speech which was translated by Dupuy, an able man who had been the Haitian agent in New York City at the time of Emperor Dessalines. There was a rumour that the king understood the English language but that he would never speak it, because translation gave him more time to think about the matter.⁹ However, there is no contemporary local confirmation of the claim that he was born on some British island, as said in pamphlets against him published at Port au Prince, the capital of the rival Haitian

Republic.¹⁰ Harvey claims that before the revolution Christophe had been a successful cattle trader in Haiti.¹¹

Before departing, Queen Marie Louise distributed alms to the poor, and the king pardoned a number of prisoners. On Wednesday the 21st, the palace extension was turned into a ballroom which they visited. Christophe looked thoroughly happy, chatting with every dancer, and also with the smaller fry, who had come to look through the open windows. He promised the crowd that on the following Sunday, the ballroom would be open to all, and his statement was greeted with loud cheers. At dawn, the royal party rode back to Sans Souci, their usual residence, but this did not mean that the festivities had come to their end. On Saturday, the foreign merchants entertained the Duke of Marmelade at "Le Café des Etrangers", and the atmosphere was very cordial. Wine was drunk in abundance and the band played "God Save the King" and "Long Live Henry" before other national anthems.

Sunday, the 25th of August, was People's Day. In the courtyard of the former French Government House, four tables were ready, each large enough for two hundred guests, each presided over by some high officer of State, Prince Jean, Archbishop Brelle, the Duke of Marmelade, and the Count of Ouanaminthe. So, nearly eight hundred ladies were accommodated as the Queen's guests and, though no husband was permitted to take a seat, about as many men kept standing around the tables. It was a fascinating sight, where all social differences were abolished, and it lasted for hours, because the waiters had to proceed among the crowd with considerable difficulty. Toasts were drunk, not only to the high in the land, but also to popular heroes, such as the "Royal-Dahomets", or rural constables. After dinner, the intellectually-minded repaired to the Theatre, where the Royal Company played "The Barber of Seville", but most of the people rushed to the Palace, where they danced all night long, as the king had promised to let them do.

NOTES

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2. HARVEY, W. W., *Sketches of Hayti*, London, 1827, p. 138.

3. Haitian uniforms described in, *Edit du Roi, Sur l'Etablissement de la Maison Militaire de Sa Majesté*, Cap-Henry, 6 mai 1811.

4. Haitian Navy described by W. WALTON Jr., *Present State of the Spanish Colonies; including a particular report of Hispanola or the Spanish part of Santo Domingo*, London, 1810, Vol. 2, p. 26.

5. COMHAIRE, J., "The Haitian Schism, 1804-1860." *Anthropological Quarterly*, Washington, D.C., January 1956, pp. 1-10.

6. Town and royal couple described by K. RITTER, *Naturhistorische Reise nach der westindischen Insel Hayti*, Stuttgart, 1836, p. 23 and p. 74.

7. *The Annual Register . . . For the Year 1811*, p. 164.

8. ANON., *A Poetical Epistle to the King of Hayti*, London, 1817.

9. MACKENZIE, C., *Notes on Haiti*, London, 1830, Vol. 1, p. 126.

10. ISAMBERT, A., "Christophe", in *Biographie universelle ancienne et moderne*, Paris, 1844, Vol. 8, *sub verbo*.

11. HARVEY, W. W., *Op. cit.*, p. 125.

Dark Puritan

PART III—WORK AND WOMAN TROUBLE—CONTINUED

M. G. SMITH

GIRL FRIENDS

I might have been about nineteen or twenty years, the first time that I ever made love to a girl, because my brother Popeson was very strict, I couldn't talk to any young lady. He wasn't an Adventist yet, but in my mother's home, the eldest children always control the younger ones. And he was my eldest brother, he controlled every one of us, even though the mother and father present, he could have chastised us; he could have said, he could have done, anything. And as I was a coward, afraid of licks, I was very obedient to them and my brother.

That girl was the same Gracie which I told you of; that was the first one, then Anita, then Hilda. I was engaged to Gracie before I made love to her, we used to talk, and I never made love until I got her to agree that she loved me. I had left the Adventists then to go to Hampstead, and not really having the right knowledge of the Bible, I think you could have had a chance and then go back and repent and so on; and while having youth in the body I knew it was a wrong thing, I thought I could have been forgiven. I knew I was doing wrong, but I did not feel miserable about it, not so much, because then the mind was not occupied so much spiritually. I did not have any vision then as a result of it, only after a time. I did that with Gracie quite a lot, then there was Hilda and Anita.

When I dissatisfied with Gracie, I left her, then there was another girl by the name of Anita. She was working at an estate near Sauteurs, she was a servant in the house and she used to live there. She was fair-looking enough, my complexion, she wasn't tall, she was very short like my sister Dorothy. I met her in a dance which I gave at Hampstead, having the St. George's band, and we got in love with each other that night. It was the first time I saw her, the first time I ever saw her. I invited her to the dance, through the cook at the estate house. Myself and the cook were friends, we were compère and macme—we was godparents for each other's children, that is compère and macme. I invited the cook to the dance, and she told me there is another girl who want an invitation for the dance, so I told her the one could serve for the two of them, and they came the night and I saw her, and dancing with her, I get to love her. She was Anita Edwards, lived near Verdun. That is the first girl bring forth a baby for me. I didn't have any time to write to her parents; the fact is, when I did get to know she was in pregnant for me, the parents didn't know me, and the mother came one day to see me, she told me, "Well, I come to you, you're Mr. Norman?" I told her yes.

She told me "I am Mrs. Edwards," she said, "you know my daughter Anita?" I said, "Yes." "She told me certain things concerning you, and I come to find out whether it is true." I told her, "Yes," I said, "I know her. Anita told you so. I claim it to be the truth." She said, "What would you do, would you responsible?" I said, "Yes, I would responsible." She said, "I am not asking you to marry to her, I only want to know you are responsible, and satisfy." I told her, "Yes, I responsible for it." She said, "Does your mother know anything about it," I told her, "Yes, I told her." She said, "And what does she say?" I said, "She didn't tell me anything, I told her what it is, she didn't say anything." She said, "Well, I will be glad to see your mother." I told her, "My mother will come some time, I will ask her to come and see you."

And my mother did went to see her and they both agreed, they knew one another and there was no ill-feeling between both of them. They never feel any trouble, Anita used to visit home as often as she could before she had the baby. She would visit my mother when I wasn't home, I used to respect my mother, if anybody concerning me home, I would not visit the home. Anita would visit me at Hampstead, at my room, because according to how the room situated, anybody could come and visit me and they would not know in the house.

And when Anita was having the baby, my mother go to help; all our children, my mother helped in everything, from the day the mother take up in pain, the first thing, we go and get her, and she would come and she would remain with them until eight or nine or sixteen days. The baby was a boy. Anita left her job and it was born at her mother's. And after that she didn't bother to go back to work again, she deliver the baby to me at ten months, and she gone to Trinidad. He was Cecil. Now he is over at Trinidad, he worked at the U.B.O.T. for some time, and afterward he join the Army. She gave me the boy at ten months, but our mother used to wean her children at two years, all of them, they used to walk and talk and everything before she weaned them.

At that time I was giddy-headed according to the people, because I was in love with another girl, too. Before Anita had the baby I had met another girl, she was on Hampstead estate—Hilda. When I was young I was beloved by everybody, and the girls used to see me, and even if I hadn't talk to them, they would tell another boy, "I really love—", and the boys would come and tell me, and that's how I get in trouble with the girls. I never speak to them first, but I get messages from some other friend. Hilda's elder brother, a fellow by the name of James Phillips, brought the message; he was working on the estate, in the field. She was just about sixteen and he was about eighteen—she was younger than Anita, quite young. But Anita's child by me was her first child, her first child and my first child too.

I always used to see Hilda, but it was not in my mind; but when I get that message, it attract me. It was not very long before I actually fell in love with her, about two months after. There was a man from Trinidad by the name of Julian, and he used to play the bamboo-tambo as a drum, they beat

two pieces of bamboo in a musical way, and singing. At night they used to play that in their own house, and everybody would meet up, and the children would meet up, and they used to sing. He was at Trinidad a long time, Julian, and he come to Grenada and he introduce it to his children. They played all sorts of songs, Quelbe, Callenda, Belair. After they close down at Mr. White's house I used to leave and go and meet them, all the other children would go and play at night at Julian's, they would walk from one place to another on the road, all about, playing and singing. That is the way I managed to meet Hilda, but then afterwards the mother got to know, and I used to visit the mother home just the same.

In the old days, if you hadn't written a letter you couldn't visit the mother, but during this time that was not as frequent as it used to. During the time I met Hilda it was dying out, because everybody would have their own say, the children would meet and love anybody they like, the parents could not do anything—the children would not listen. The people get fed up, they couldn't do anything. They would say "I don't care what happen, but I would only like to know if you like this person and agree. Tell it to me and don't keep it a secret, that is all."

When I got this message I hadn't any idea of her, scarcely any idea—never notice her before. But the mother used to say she liked me and the family used to say they like me. I was meeting her at night where they used to play this bamboo, and she speak to me and I speak to her, and I found it out in her—the way she talk and the way she move with me and hold my hand, and if she have anything she would give it to me. I did not want to make love to her, but I did fall in with her and she had a baby for me, because the brother and other friends used to tell me if I didn't make love with her after a time she would think very bad of me, that though she love me, I never care for her; so they would advise me to make love with her, even if I did not care, then she would think I loved her. The girls in Grenada, if they care for you, should you say you did not care, they would meet other people and say you are foolish, and all sorts of things against you. That was the real reason why I came to love her—not so much fond of her, because her training was not so pleasant, she did not respect my mother or my sister, she didn't use to go to my mother home. She used to see my mother and my sister Melita.

At this time Anita was visiting me, sometimes she would spend a week, two weeks at my mother, she would come over to me in the night and go back home in the day. And Hilda knew that, and Hilda used to have quarrels with Anita. Just as Anita got to know even before I had said anything about Hilda, Hilda got to know that I was in love with Anita, and she used to provoke her on the road. She never mentioned me, but Anita got to know about it from other people. She never spoke to me about it, she was very quiet and she had some good trainings about her.

This was about six months before Anita's baby was born, because when the baby was born, the first trouble I had with Hilda was at the christening. My sisters Melita and Eliza went with it to church, because they were god-mothers for the baby; we hired a motor car, and Hilda came and saw we had

all sorts of drink for the christening, and she had that in her, but she did not say anything. At night when I returned, we had a fight. A terrible fight that night, at Hilda's mother's. When I came from the christening I met her at me, at Hampstead, and she told me she want to go home, so I accompany her home, and in the road—of course I was a bit high up, I had had a lot of rum—she started to beat me. She told me that I went and had good time, and I went and spent a lot of money for the child, and not to do that, I told her "Well, that is the first child I had, and I am supposed to spend that amount of money." She said I would have to spend the same amount for her. I couldn't remember what else I told her, and she started to box me up. And that night I run after the mother, the brother, the father, the grandfather, she herself, with a knife and the people had to hold me and take me away from them, and I did give her some blows—the doctor had to visit her. She started beating me in the road, the road was empty; she never took a stick, she started to box me up with her hand. But it was a set-up between herself and the mother, because when I went to the mother, telling the mother what happened, Hilda started and she took bottles, and the mother never say not to do it—when I call on her she never do anything. I run every one of them from the home. The grandfather was living next door, he started to come to me—I didn't want to fight, I running with a knife too. A fellow called P'tit Joe held me, he was living just next door to them, he was her uncle. They held me and they took me back home.

Hilda was just about one month in having a baby; she told me so, and I knew, because whenever somebody was having a baby for me I always dream I fishing and holding crayfish, and when I had this dream it was so with Anita, and then with Hilda I had that dream and I told her so, and it was. That was about five months after I first pick up with her, and she used to come to my room. She never came when Anita came, but she always try to find out and pick a quarrel. She feel that I should not have had anything to do with Anita besides she. She was jealous at that, she never want me to speak to anybody.

There was a woman who had a son and a daughter, and it was her intention that I should engage that daughter of hers. She told many parties, and she used to be very kind and nice towards me, and she invited me home a Sunday and I told her yes, I would come. I was friendly with her son, a young man by the name of Victor, and he told Hilda that I was going to form an engagement with his sister, and Hilda waited when I got dressed—I was going in a cream suit and a white shoes—Hilda follow me in the road and she hold me by the back, when I turned she buried her feet in the mud and she muddy me up. And that day she got another beating, and the doctor had to visit her in the same place as she got that beating. It was a terrible thing, because I get partly undressed in the road. I never get vexed like that any more to this day; I beat her, I beat her and I kick her, I do a little of everything and she started to lose the baby right away on the spot. It was about three months, when they took her home she lost it. I was not going to engage the other girl, but she had such a passion in her that she could not understand. She was jealous of me that if she met me talking to you, a man,

she would fight me, unless she present to know what we are saying. If she met me in conversation about anything, she think well, I am telling you of a girl I love, and I wanting to be with her.

Hilda was not a virgin when I first knew her, she used to work with a gentleman at Pointfield and he used to be with her; he afterwards didn't want to have anything to do with her family, it was not a public thing, and the mother get to know and she against it; the mother satisfied that she should be with me than that she should be with that gentleman. He was a coloured man, a Grenadian. She was tall, tall and slim, very good-looking. Her relatives belonged to Beausejour, Carriacou, and the grandmother was a great fighter; Hilda was not a coward, she would fight anybody—before you say you ready, she meet you. She would bite and she would kick. She is in Trinidad now, and scarcely any body fight and beat her. She would fight and pay money in the court. Some women, you can't fight them, and you couldn't fight Hilda because she would not feel—the hardest blow she never bawl. All that you could do is to defeat her, and sometimes she on the ground as if she dying, she get up, and fight again. She did it with other women too, the biggest women in the field, she fight them. But after a time she had come like a savage.

When Hilda was making the first baby for me I speak to her mother, I did not write it. She told me if I love her daughter, she would be glad if I would marry to her. I told her yes. She went to the uncle, Walter Roecastle, and she told him. I told him yes, if she would behave herself I would marry to her, and he told me I must write to him if I meant it. I wrote him, but not a letter that could have stand, I knew what I was writing; I write and tell him I love his niece, and I am not promising him to marry to her right away, but if her behaviour meet my approval I would write him another letter and let him know if I married and what time I marry. So that was not a legal one—"if her behaviour was good." That was the letter I write, and when I found out that her behaviour was not pleasant or seemingly, I went to him, and he knew her behaviour because sometimes she was rude to him also. So he told me he could not say anything.

At that time Hilda was coming to me at night, and sometimes I went to her mother's house to sleep, when it is late. It was a two-roomed house, but the mother hadn't many children, so we slept in one room and the mother and children in the other. This was after her uncle had written to me, I start to go and visit her in her mother house. She was fond of me very much, and I got to love her afterwards, because she was brave and helpful. I had gardens, and whatever I plant Hilda would go and work; she could work, she was brave, and even though I did not want to go by the garden, she would encourage me to go. I was with Mr. Cockburn then and I used to keep a cow on Hampstead estate, and she would cut five bundle of grass and give the cow every day. She would go and see to the cow, water it and everything, morning and evening as she was going to work. Sometimes I would give her dresses, sometimes I would give her shoes, sometimes when I get my wages I would give her six shillings, eight shillings, according. If she tell me she

want ten shillings to get some things, I would give it to her, because I find out that she had some good intentions towards me by helping, and I thought I should be generous towards her.

After Anita had the baby, Cecil, she never came back, when the baby had nine months she deliver him to me and she gone to Trinidad; she told me she have some family at Trinidad, they sent to tell her if she come to Trinidad she would get work, and she would be able to help her family. So she would leave the baby with me, if I would take it. So I told her yes, my sister would take the baby for me and care it. So we were on friendly terms when she left and go to Trinidad. She knew about Hilda, but she never worried to make a scandal or to ask me a question about that. I was supporting her baby for the nine months before she went, I was not obligated to pay an amount but sometimes I could give six shillings, sometimes eight shillings, sometimes ten shillings, according; and I used to send provisions from the garden. I used to go and visit her home, the mother was fond of me very much. Her father was dead, and she had brothers; everybody move with me on friendly terms.

After I and Hilda had quarrelled and her baby miscarry, we had fall out and the mother had fall out with me; but afterward Hilda came back herself to me again. It was not long, it was about three weeks before she sent a man by the name of Bacchus to tell me she want to see me. I didn't go. She sent the mother; I didn't go. She sent the brother and I did not. She came herself one night, she came and she spoke to me and she shed tears, and she kneel down and she beg my pardon, and she tell me she would not do those things again, and then my feelings got broken and I spoke to her, and we get together again. She said if I was to have anybody to speak to she would not interfere, she would not disturb me anymore. At that time I did not have any other girls, but just friendly with everybody, but as I come home she would see all the girls, they was so closely attached to me, and she did not like that. She had an imagination, and that caused her to get on in that way, but I was not with any girls at that time. And later that is what break up the living of myself and my wife, just thinking because I was seeing this person, I must have something to do with that person.

When Hilda came back the second time I was about twenty-three and still at Hampstead. She was coming for about seven to eight months before she started the second baby, she would come every night, sometimes every other night; sometimes she cook for me, sometimes she cook at the mother's and she bring. She was almost keeping house for me, because she used to do up my clothes. Sometimes she work on the estate, and sometimes she would not work for today and she prepared my clothes for me, or sometimes one or two weeks she would not do anything, she worked in the garden and prepare my clothes and care the cow and such. Whether she want to make quarrel or not, I don't worry with her. I don't take her on, she would get on and keep quiet for herself, because the people start to talk and say, was I trying to be a Christian?—it is a scandal, that thing, to be with this girl on the road, and it is a rumour concerning me all the time, ruin and living this sort of

way; so whenever she threatened to make a quarrel I would not worry with her. But she still used to threaten quite a lot. I remember one morning she met me, I was talking to my mother, and when my mother was gone, well, that was the biggest fight we ever had. She said I was talking her evil to my mother, and it wasn't any such thing. Another time my sister Eliza came to me, Hilda met us, we was talking, she did the same thing, and that caused a fight inside the yard, the labourers had to come because I gave her one blow and she fell, the labourers had to come and throw water on her and take her up, and at that my mother said if I didn't finish with her, she through with me. But when she get up, the very night she came back and she beg my pardon and everything. I decided I am finished with her, I am going to Trinidad. She decide she was going too. Well, I decide the best thing, I allow her to come, and when I reached Trinidad I stayed three months, then I left her there, I left her and come back. She was impregnated then. I leave her, she was on Simplan estate, in care of nobody. I just leave and come back to Grenada.

The trouble with Hilda, she was very jealous of me, she would not want to hear somebody say "He is a nice man. He is a good-looking man and I like to see him, especially when he dressed"—she will feel well, you have a daughter, you will attract the daughter concerning me, and she would just make trouble over that. So I never get much rest with her, I would try to keep away from her, but she would come. Some women, you tell them you finish, they make a scandal, and when they reach home they come back again. Sometimes I say, "Don't worry with me, don't come where I am;" and when I come in the house I meet her sit down on the step or inside the room. Sometimes she would tell the mother she really want to see me, then the mother will tell me, "She won't eat, she not sleeping, she won't take anything—just come and listen and then you can go home." When I come she would beg pardon, she would cry, she would shed tears and everything and my heart is broken. And I attach to her again. Couple of days, she will do the same thing again. The only rest I could have find is to take her to Trinidad, leave her, and come back home.

I GET MARRIED

When I came back from Trinidad I worked in Hampstead again with Mr. Cockburn on the estate, and lived at my mother in her house there. Cecil was with her too. The one that had my third child was a girl by the name of Maize, at Hampstead too. I met her at my brother Clarence, he was a watchman, living on the estate. She was about sixteen, she was not so tall, but she was stout—having a full body. She was not doing any work, she was living at her aunt's and her aunt worked as a labourer.

I was working as a labourer in the field, picking cocoa, and the aunt used to gather cocoa after me; we were working task, and the aunt brought Maize as a helper, and while the aunt bringing in the cocoa, she used to take up the cocoa after me while I picking, and that is the way we get together. And she made my child almost immediately. I never let the aunt know before, but when she got into trouble I called the aunt and I told her about

it, I told her what had happened. She was dissatisfied, but anyway it had gone far already, she couldn't help it. And I didn't leave her in a careless way, I tried my best to help in all manner, to keep her up, take care of her. I used to give her some of my money, and she make the baby at her aunt's, my mother went and help. And the christening, I had it in the Anglican church. It was a girl, Emelda, and when she was about one year and six months Maize gave her to my sister Eliza because she said she wanted to go and work and she hadn't anybody to care the child for her when she is at work, but when the child grew she took her back. Eliza wanted her, and she was caring the child about two years when Maize took her back. And presently this child is a Seventh Day Adventist too. After Maize had the child she took up with another young man on Hampstead estate and they got married, they are both Seventh Day Adventists presently. And now she is living at Woodleigh in her own house, and the young man has his own property, but he works at Hampstead as a driver.

At this time Elder Ash was the minister of the Seventh Day Adventists, and I started to go to church; my aunt Eliza was the Deaconess of the church, and somebody told her that this girl Maize was having a baby for me. Elder Ash asked me whether it is so, I told him yes. He told me if I desired to be in the Adventists again I had to be baptized. (I baptized once in church). I told him yes. He told me if I mean it, he must go and see the girl with me to find out whether I would not have anything to do with her again, and she would not have anything to do with me again. So he took my aunt Eliza, Mrs. Isaacs, as the Deaconess of the church, and I myself, and we went and speak to her. The aunt agreed, as she did not want me to have anything to do with Maize, but just mind the baby. And it happened in that way. I was baptized again, then I saw my wife.

I left Mr. Cockburn some time about 1922, before I married, because the labourers would tell him things against me and he would believe them, and all through jealousy and ill-feeling. Some of them would find that I should not be working there; I remember one night when I came back from Demarara (I didn't remain, I was three weeks there, I went to work but it was my first experience of travelling and I did not like it, it is a watery place, Georgetown)—so when I reached back to St. George's, I ring up Cockburn and he tell me well, not to go home, to come straight back, because since I left he had not had a good time, because whoever was working had not got the experience that I had. I went right back, I didn't pass at my mother. The cocoa engine was working, they have an engine to dry cocoa, it blows a lot of hot air, and the husband of my aunt was working that engine, he is supposed to be in charge of the engine. My brother was the fireman, and the husband would get together cocoa, and the cocoa used to be short, because they knew the amount, when the barrel is full and when it is dry, what you are to get. So the husband used to take out of it and give another man to sell. My brother was the fireman, so when the husband was taking this cocoa to give this man to sell, he told me to tell Mr. Cockburn. I told Mr. Cockburn and he spoke to them about it, and he told them I told him the aunt's husband has stolen the cocoa and given it to someone to sell.

When I came from Demarara I was working in the house; one morning when I was in the bedroom making up Mr. Cockburn's bed, I saw where the mattress had a little tear, and I feel it, I saw something as a lump, I open it. When I open it I get a little parcel tied up in the mattress with some sort of funny things in it, something like powder; it was grated with something like cheese, and some other things I don't know. I showed Mr. Cockburn and tell him, "This is what I found in your mattress;" and he pick it up and open the matter to the hearing of the labourers. Well, because that report had gone to him concerning the cocoa that was stolen, my aunt and other parties told him that the thing he found in the mattress is what I went to Demarara to get, and bring it to fool him—I want to have him as I want, I want to put some obeah² on him. He came and told me, and I ask him if he believe that? He say yes, he believe it, because it was my aunt who told him so. So I told him "Well, if you believe that I had better leave the work;" so I told him I would work away from him. So that is the way I start working at Flamstead.

I left Cockburn, I went back to my mother for one or two days, then I went to Flamstead estate. The Camerons owned Flamstead, it belonged to them from their father, and when Ted White was alive one of the Camerons was living at Flamstead, Walter. Charlie Dickson was the manager. When Walter married he went to live at Chamboise because a brother who was in charge there died. I did not know Charlie Dickson before, but I went to see him. He knew me well when I was working at Hampstead estate, because he used to send oranges and so on to Mr. Cockburn. So I went and asked him for work, he asked me why I leave, I told him, and he said, "Well yes, if you are an obeah-man I am glad, I like to have an obeah-man because I am one for myself!" And he gave me work. I worked with him, he was very kind and nice, until my brother came from Maracaibo in 1927 and he going to Aruba and he took me, I left Flamstead and I went to Aruba with him.

When I was working on Flamstead estate, sometimes I used to do three tasks in a day, forking, four by five,³ and after that I went in the garden and do as much work. Sometimes picking cocoa, they give seven baskets for a task, I used to pick twenty-one baskets for a day and still go in the garden. I used to work very very hard all the time, and I never had any help, as from wife and children, because the children was small. The only time, at the season for planting sweet potatoes, people will come to fork for me, to raise the bed for me, and when they are planting they want me to go and help them. That is the only time I get a help. Sometimes on Saturday I would ask six or seven of them to come and help me, at that time I was not in the Adventists again, so I would work Saturday, and I would cook food and feed them and they would work for the day for me. I would give them rum, too. We call that "Maroon".

2. Obeah: magic, sorcery.

3. Four by five: four poles by five—the task measurements.

One Sunday evening, after my second baptism, I was going to the Seventh Day Adventists meeting. I had a friend by the name of Sese, who was living very near to my grandmother, and we used to go together, then I used to be at them reading the Bible with them, and she tell me that Maggie said she loved me. But I had no intention concerning that. On that Sunday evening, I leave from choir practice in the church, and I met Maggie coming up towards my way. As Maggie went, I suggested to Sese that I was not sure, I wanted to find out whether what Sese told me was the truth. Sese told me yes, Maggie loved me, and later Maggie told me too, but I never worry. But afterwards, she after me all the time to say what I would do, and I promised her yes, I would do it. She told my brother Popeson about it, she told my sister Melita about it, she would always tell my brother about it, and I agreed to marry to her. When I proposed to her, she told me to let her brother know.

I wrote to the brother; he said he would not agree, he don't want that thing in the family at all. He said I am a Creole and they are East Indians and he doesn't want Creole to be in his family. But she said she didn't care, she would be glad that I should marry to her, because she loved me. She was Isaacs' granddaughter, the old man was married to my aunt Eliza. My wife is an Indian, full Indian. I knew her long, before I went and join the Seventh Day Adventists I knew her, because her mother died and she grew up with my aunt. She was Maggie Richardson, she was motherless and fatherless, both had died. I was 27 when I married, in August, 1924, and she was about eighteen. She was Seventh Day Adventist, too.

When I told my aunt, Mrs. Isaacs, she told me "My son, I would not encourage you to do that, because I am in the family and suffering a lot, and if you put yourself in it you will suffer like me, your life would be a little hell." I did not tell her anything, but I said insomuch as she loved me, if two parties love they are able to make life all right. At that time I did love her. I did not sleep with her, she was a good Adventist person, and I loved her in one sense because she was quite sensible, she was better read than I am, and she had many things in her which I appreciated, such as home concern, she could have done plenty of drawn work and sewing, as to make table-cloth and so on; and she was well read. Not so pretty, but not ugly.

I wrote a letter for her, and Jacob Richardson, her brother, did not agree, but she herself agreed because she said she haven't mother, she haven't father, and he was the responsible one for her, and he was taking lots of advantage of her, so she was satisfied to get married. He had property, and she had to work for him as a labourer, she his sister; she had a little piece of garden for herself. And she used to cut sometimes ten bundles of grass to feed his cattle, to feed mule and donkey and so on, and it was terrible for her, and she told me that is why she would like to marry, to free from it. She had a little bit of land, quarter of an acre; he had about five acres then. He bought them after his parents died, the parents left some money for them. And whatsoever he had, when the first bit of land that was going to sell, he borrowed some more on interest to make up, and he bought the first, and after he work for that, and he open out a little business, and through that he was able to purchase the rest.

Jacob Richardson said he did not want to have anything to do with my family, but when we did not stop, he called my mother and he told my mother I wrote him a letter for his sister but he does not like it, I have not anything, I am a Creole, and he does not like me to marry to his sister. My mother said she doesn't know, she can't say anything because I did not tell her anything. She did not want to carry on any conversation with me, because I had told her from the beginning, and she told me that if it is in my mind she can't say anything, because she have not to live in the house with my wife.

I was living with my grandmother then, and Maggie and I continue for sometime, until it get to the church, and they said we can't continue, we had better married. I married to her honest, I didn't make any love to her. We would come from church together at night, we walk and we talk like friends, but nothing else. There is one thing in me to believe the teaching of the Seventh Day Adventists, and I thought it was better to be honest in everything, and I was honest all the way; and when I suggested that we should get married, we arranged between the two of us.

The deacon, the second leader after the minister, he said "You cannot continue in this life, you both are young, the devil is busy and it might bring shame, and you better settle down in life, whether the family willing or not, you have your wife in the right, you settle down in life and things will go better". He say so to me alone, after church. And sometimes on Sundays we used to walk in the gardens together, myself and him, we would meet, we always discuss about that. And I told my sister Melita about it, and she got all the equipment, the dress and everything for the wedding, and she took my wife to the church and Wilfred took me to the church, best man. We went and lived by ourselves. I had no dance, no feast, my mother gave an evening dinner for us, and we went home. Because the Adventist people don't believe in having a dance or a fete or so.

I had a house on the estate at that time, rent free, two rooms. It had a kitchen, it hadn't any lavatory but it had a place prepared. And we didn't remain there very long on the estate. Her uncle Jacob Isaacs had some money for her, and she made me write to him and ask him for the money, and as he got the letter he sent to call her and he gave her £11 and she brought it home. I enquired of a house, I got one at Dieppe for £7 and we bought it. The estate had given me a spot, but Adam, her brother, called me, he had just bought a piece of land at Belvidere, he told me instead of all going to live on the estate, put the house on his land and I could live there, I wouldn't have any trouble. I didn't want to go there because he did not care for me to marry to his sister, but my wife told me, "if he wants us to come we had better go, and perhaps later on he will do something good for us."

The land was in a very bad condition. I was working on the estate, coming back and working the land, fork it up, manure it, and where the cocoa had almost died it revived and get all pretty. When he saw that he start to accuse my wife and say she taking up his nutmeg to mind me—that she was stealing his nutmeg, and selling it to buy things to make me happy. When I heard so, that was in 1927 when I was at Flamstead, I left home.

My brother Ralphie came from Maracaibo, he was going to Aruba, and Popeson told him if he is able, to take me with him, because since I married to my wife, Adam is saying a lot of ugly things concerning me, and if he take me away I will be able to work and do things better. I went, and I remained in Aruba ten months.

During that time, 1926, 1927, my wife and I kept a shop. I went to Mr. Smith because I used to buy flour there, and we ask him if he would give us the goods to sell, every time we sell and pay. And he did that. He always used to give us, every time we sell, we pay. The shop was in the yard, Maggie was in charge of the shop and I used to work on the estate. We never sold rum, only flour, rice, sugar, biscuits, salt-fish and so. For about two years we were doing very well, afterwards there was a falling away from the business by crediting the people and they could not pay; things went on bad on the estate with them, they were giving them only two days' work a fortnight, so they could not pay and we run indebted. We were indebted about £5 and I had to work to pay it off. When I was in Aruba my wife kept on the business, and I sent her some money, first £11, afterwards £8, and afterward I sent £5 and then I didn't send any more. According to the money that I sent to her, she was able to keep up the business.

Cultural Relations within the Caribbean

BY LOU LICHTVELD,
Chairman, Caribbean Research Council

[One of two feature addresses delivered before the Conference of Information Officers and serving to introduce the second of the two main sections of the Conference agenda: Exchange of Information and Cultural Liaison.]

EVERYWHERE, when people are discussing the topic of "culture" sooner or later they start to do so in an emotional way. That is because all concepts of culture are emotionally loaded. On the other hand, any topic a West Indian tries to discuss sooner or later will be treated in an emotional way. Such is our nature, and let us be proud of it, because if we weren't proud of it, still it would remain our nature.

Now, when we have a West Indian discussing "Culture", there is a double danger of his treating this subject-matter emotionally, and nothing would be easier than to start a row, and quite a big one, about such a lofty theme as "Culture" generally considered to be. It would be wise to try to avoid that.

But how can we talk about cultural relations, without knowing what we mean by the adjective "cultural"—that is to say, without being somehow in agreement with each other about what we really understand by the august term "culture"? Still I am inclined to avoid any definition, and the more so, because I fear an over-exposure of my ignorance.

Fortunately, there is some elementary mathematics to help us out of the difficulty. It is often quite possible to define exactly the relations between two incommensurable magnitudes, e.g. between the surfaces of two circles, although we cannot express their surface accurately in feet or in metres. If there is anything such as "culture" in our several countries—and I assume it to be so—we should be able to discover a relation, that is: a common denominator of all these Caribbean cultures; and where we do not find a comparability at first sight, we may try to analyse these cultures, in order to discover their common factors, so that we can express the optimum relationship by reducing them to the same denominator. Please admit, that I am at least trying hard to proceed unemotionally!

No doubt that there is a common denominator in all the culture of the Caribbean islands and the Guianas, in spite of the fact that, as a geographical group, we are using four different languages plus a number of vernaculars, often better understood by a large part of the population than the official language itself. And language undoubtedly, is an important part of any culture, and moreover a very conspicuous part. So it is obvious, that in establishing our cultural relations, language barriers will prove to be very serious obstacles. Later on in our discussion we will have to consider how these particular obstacles can be surmounted.

All culture is rooted in history, is founded on a complex of traditions. I do not expect anyone to challenge this thesis. And if we take this historical determination of culture for granted, if we venture to look hard at our background, our ethnical composition, the adventures and procedures by which our populations amalgamated, how they were emancipated, developed themselves and are striving to express their own personalities, or even are trying to attain the supreme expression of collective personality, which is Nationhood,—if further we overlook a few slight differences and concentrate on the intrinsic features of our communities and societies, we are struck by their likeness.

Indeed, all of us West Indians have the same roots, the same kind of history: Arawak settlements, wiped out by Caribs; Spanish and other West European conquerors who exterminated the Indians almost completely and replaced them by numerous slaves from West Africa. Descendants of all these ethnic groups and of all their interbreedings, who tried to construct a culture of their own—a West Indian Culture—by the process of addition and subtraction, multiplication and division of all the poor remainders of some culture in which they or their ancestors had partaken in their land of origin. All culture, as far as we know, had such humble beginnings, and in this respect we have nothing to be ashamed of.

A great many of our countries have also known a substantial Asiatic contribution. Especially Chinese, East-Indians, and here in Surinam, Javanese, have enriched and enlivened our cultural patterns. Some other countries in our area have known a considerable influx of people from the Near East, such as the Lebanese who came and stayed and became an essential part of our society.

All these groups adapted themselves to a new situation. They learned from each other. They had to forget a great deal of their own cultural heritage, but they acquired a wealth of new values and new attitudes from others. This process of acculturation is in full swing in the Caribbean area, and it is everywhere almost the same kind of performance, with the same ups and downs, the same problems and the same gains.

You cannot expect me to dwell longer on this theme; neither on our kindred dances and music, nor on our arts and native handicrafts, which display so many common traits, that every time one meets an expression of artistic emotion in the West Indies, one is amazed by its likeness to the expressions of the same kind in one's own Caribbean country. There are innumerable examples to prove this, but I am bound to be very brief.

I would like to summarize our whole common historical background in a simple phrase: Consider our breadfruit trees and coconut palms, these important parts of our surroundings. They were introduced from Oceania or Australia, and found their natural place among the original plants and trees of our Central American countries. In the countries of the real native, the Amerindian, the white Europeans and the black Africans came to live, just as well as men and women from several parts of Asia,—all quite different contributors to our milieu. The Caribbean area thus is representative of all the five parts of the world! This has been our destiny and this is our main characteristic. Let us say: to be an immense garbage can, by its usefulness promoted to a chalice, to a holy Grail of extraordinary proportions. You may put it as you like.

Our internal Caribbean relations, however, cannot possibly be more complicated than our external ones—the relations with all the five parts of the world. What has been accomplished in the West Indies cannot have been a greater task than the one that is awaiting us and which we are discussing now: the task of strengthening a relationship that already exists virtually, but that has not yet been made conscious enough. We are all relatives, but still unconscious of our proper relationship, for our cultures were born and bred without proper registration; our shifting cultural fathers mostly abandoned us before we could recognize them well.

Am I too bold to say that establishing cultural relations among the Caribbean Countries can only mean: establishing relations within one's own widely scattered family—but still a family of very near relatives. Any promotion of such a relationship has to be initiated by focusing our attention on the oneness of our common culture, that is: on our common habits, aims and ideal, destiny and power, suffering and hope, art and literature, wit and sentimentality, yes, on anything that makes our life livable and colourful, in short, that makes us: West Indian? If it were too bold to aim at the activation of this kind of relationship, why should there be any discussion between us?

But our time is restricted, so let us try to be practical. We all believe that something ought to be done, that it is good to have cultural relations, that they can be extremely useful. The question is: how can they be established? How can we operate a system of increasing knowledge and appreciation of each other? How can we begin to influence and help each other to attain the higher cultural levels towards which we all have set our goals and which we try to imagine as being very West Indian and at the same time very much on a par with the best of other cultures?

Each one of us, according to his personal inclinations, probably will be thinking of means and ways in the direction of his own activities. The writer and poet will believe an inter-Caribbean periodical to be useful; and it can be produced, why not? The journalist, especially in those countries where the standard of journalism still are distressingly below zero, will be in favour of an exchange of articles, dealing with the cultural achievements of other Caribbean countries, in order to raise the standards of their reading public. An Inter-Caribbean news and feature service can be established, and for all these purposes a translation bureau might be put into operation, probably at a very low cost.

But here are your painters and sculptors, who will be thinking that the best thing to do is: have a clearing house—for instance the coming Caribbean Organization's Secretariat—to organize travelling exhibitions, with no language barriers at all to hamper their free circulation in the whole area. And maybe all the customary Custom's difficulties might be superseded in time to come.

Our musicians and dancers surely will reason—and hope—along the same lines. Why not look at each others faces and movements? Many radio programmes, documentary films and theatre pieces can be forwarded to the other countries of our Caribbean family, in just the same way as actually some metropolitan organisations are rendering these services within the national sphere. Why not? I know that some of these organisations have already declared their willingness to co-operate with any serious inter-Caribbean organisation that would intend to work on a broader international field, on behalf of our area.

So far, so good, you may say, but all this concerns only the arts and literature. There is so much more to take into account when we speak about "Culture". It is true, although we should not forget that literature and the arts are the principal vehicles to spread an essential notion of all that lives in the souls of our populations and finds its expression in their sayings and doings. Art and literature are the purest and highest forms of cultural activity, so it would be wise to begin with an interchange of the very best that each of us has at his disposal. If well organized, this interchange need not be very costly; in a sense it even brings immediate monetary returns and in the long run can easily pay for itself. We only need to see the area as a whole, and have to continue thinking and planning for the whole, and not for some prosperous fractions only. In our relations let us not forget the poorer relatives.

Until now I have tried to argue along positive lines, and have purposely avoided casting any doubts concerning our issue. Nevertheless we cannot altogether dismiss certain doubts by quietly ignoring them. As they are bound to pop up sooner or later, it is better to envisage them right away. In my opinion they culminate in the one question: Why, up to now, has any cultural relationship hardly been spoken about between the many relatives of the Caribbean family? Why did we not miss the relations more intensively? If we know the causes, we may at the same time know something about the cure. It is easy to find out quite a number of such causes of neglect and delay.

First of all there was our unconsciousness. We had not discovered ourselves yet, we always had a kind of dumb pride, complementary to our inferiority complex and our wavering personality. But we did not yet possess the intelligent self-esteem that could lead to a conscious appreciation of our proper culture. Such a lack of cultural consciousness and self-esteem is one of the most stinging symptoms of underdevelopment. By trying to reduce our general underdevelopment we have also been trying lately to create more cultural consciousness and self-esteem. And only when there is self-esteem can we make an effort to gain mutual-esteem, which in its turn is a first condition for establishing active and sincere cultural relations with others.

A second cause of our tardiness is connected with the general effort to reduce our underdevelopment during the last twenty-five years. Underdevelopment was mainly understood as economic underdevelopment. The welfare and development institutions created to cope with the task of accelerating the development of the West Indies and of putting our countries on their own feet, almost entirely concentrated their efforts in the economic field. Their relative success, the fact that their success has been rather restricted, is partly due to such a onesidedness.

In the Caribbean Commission, for example, almost from the beginning there have existed special committees for education, for sociology and even for journalism. But they never got a chance to do much or to do even a small part of what has been achieved in the field of agriculture, or fisheries, or industrial development. Only lately a dim notion has penetrated into the heads of the political bosses, that quite unconsciously they have been following the same materialistic doctrine which consciously they repudiate, because they were believing that by solving economic problems and by bettering material conditions, all other problems would be solved by themselves, and all other conditions would be better in the meantime. Probably these political wizards will be scared by now, when they see that they are to be

blamed for the stupidity of having put into practice an obsolete though orthodox Marxist theory, that betterment of material conditions is the cure all for every human need.

Part of our increased consciousness is our intensified awareness of the hierarchy of values, of an undeniable order and scale of values, and of the truth once more stressed by the great French philosopher Jacques Maritain, that there is "*la primauté du spirituel*", the primacy of the spirit and of all things spiritual, that is: of all things belonging to the mind, to the social and moral conscience, to the heart, to the mortality, in brief, to our culture. We have gained the insight to realise that by saving our body we can easily lose our soul, and that we have to take care of our spiritual needs at the same time when we are trying to better our material conditions. It is more than time now to put this insight into practice.

A third reason why we have neglected the cultural relations is a consequence of what I am inclined to call "*international ignorance*". Most people in the world, who are concerned with cultural matters, hardly know the existence of a Caribbean culture. Only lately our own authors, musicians and dancers have spread some knowledge about our character and aims. Not even as recently as four years ago, when at the University of Florida a scientific congress was held, entirely devoted to the culture of the Caribbean area, the bulk of the papers presented there—and a large bulk it was—hardly mentioned the French, British, and Dutch countries of the area. Most of the papers very aptly treated the Latin-American countries of the continent and the Spanish-speaking islands. And that was that. A few scholars made an exception for the West Indies as such, but then they mainly spoke about our music and dances, as if we had no other cultural expressions. They forgot the Guianas entirely.

I will not blame the outsiders too much; we ourselves have been muffling our utterances too timidly. Seldom have we tried to raise our voices loud enough to be heard at greater distances, beyond our beaches and boundaries. It is time to take a deep breath and shout freely and well, and to express ourselves in a way that can be transmitted to the rest of America, to Europe, to Africa and to everywhere we may encounter kindred spirits.

Distance, in its blunt sense of miles and hours, has always been hampering our relations. In space we are living far apart from each other. But this hindrance is diminishing day by day; better and more frequent transportation facilities are drawing us together. We are visiting each other more often than before and by doing so, we will not only get better and better acquainted with each other, but we are beginning to feel at home in each other's countries, while we discover our common family traits by the more familiar treatment of each other. We so discover the sameness of our culture, and that is the foundation of our relationship, our cultural kinship.

This also will save us from suspicion that is now and then connected with international cultural activity. Some people see the bogey of "*pacific penetration*" behind the cultural exchange which they misname "*cultural penetration*". Such a fear can only reasonably exist when a group of people would try systematically to introduce in our countries something utterly foreign, utterly unacceptable for us. This never can be the case when out of the oneness of a Caribbean Culture, one

country tries to make conscious its cultural ties with another country of the area, or tries to activate or strengthen these ties. The profit will be mutual, for the result will be an enrichment of the culture of both the countries concerned. In cultural matters, by giving one is as much enriched as by receiving.

There is a last point I would like to make. Although Wilfredo Pareto has given the very practical advice never to quarrel about words, I want to do so about one single word, in order to avoid misunderstandings. In the official papers submitted to this conference our theme is called "Cultural Liaison". As an admirer of that great author Choderlos de Laclos, the author of the world famous novel "Les liaisons dangereuses", I cannot comfortably use the term "liaison" without the adjective "dangerous", and in Dutch as well as in French, I suppose, liaison mostly has a further connotation of unlawfulness and limitation in time,—something of an *ad hoc* character. Our Spanish speaking friends even might question us, whether by "promotion of liaison" we mean "establecer lazos" or "entablar lios". I am decidedly against the latter interpretation. Let us keep the old-fashioned but trusted terms of "establishing and strengthening relations".

I know the combination "cultural relations" is not altogether a very happy one, but why not accept the least awkward expression? A liaison is not very *comme-il-faut* within one and the same family. On the other hand, how could such a family ever exist without a set of vivid relations based upon an intrinsic relationship? Only by ignorance can the members of a family overlook this biological and historic fact.

For this same reason I have not used the old argument of "good neighbour policy". We are more than neighbours; we belong to the same cultural stock and we are headed towards the same economic, social, spiritual, cultural destiny.

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